

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 08230339 1



# IN HAPPY FAR-AWAY LAND

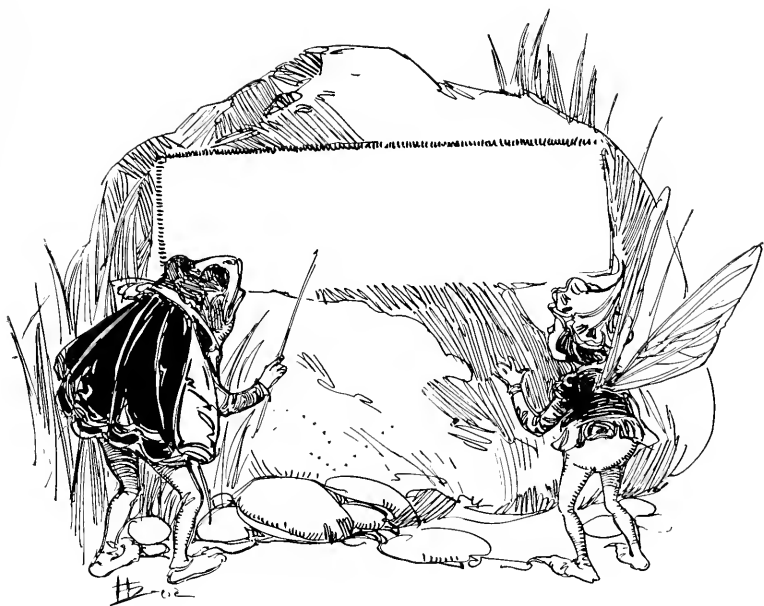


J.C.  
Class No. 813 G  
Book No.  
Accession No.

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/inhappyfarawayla00gard>





THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION


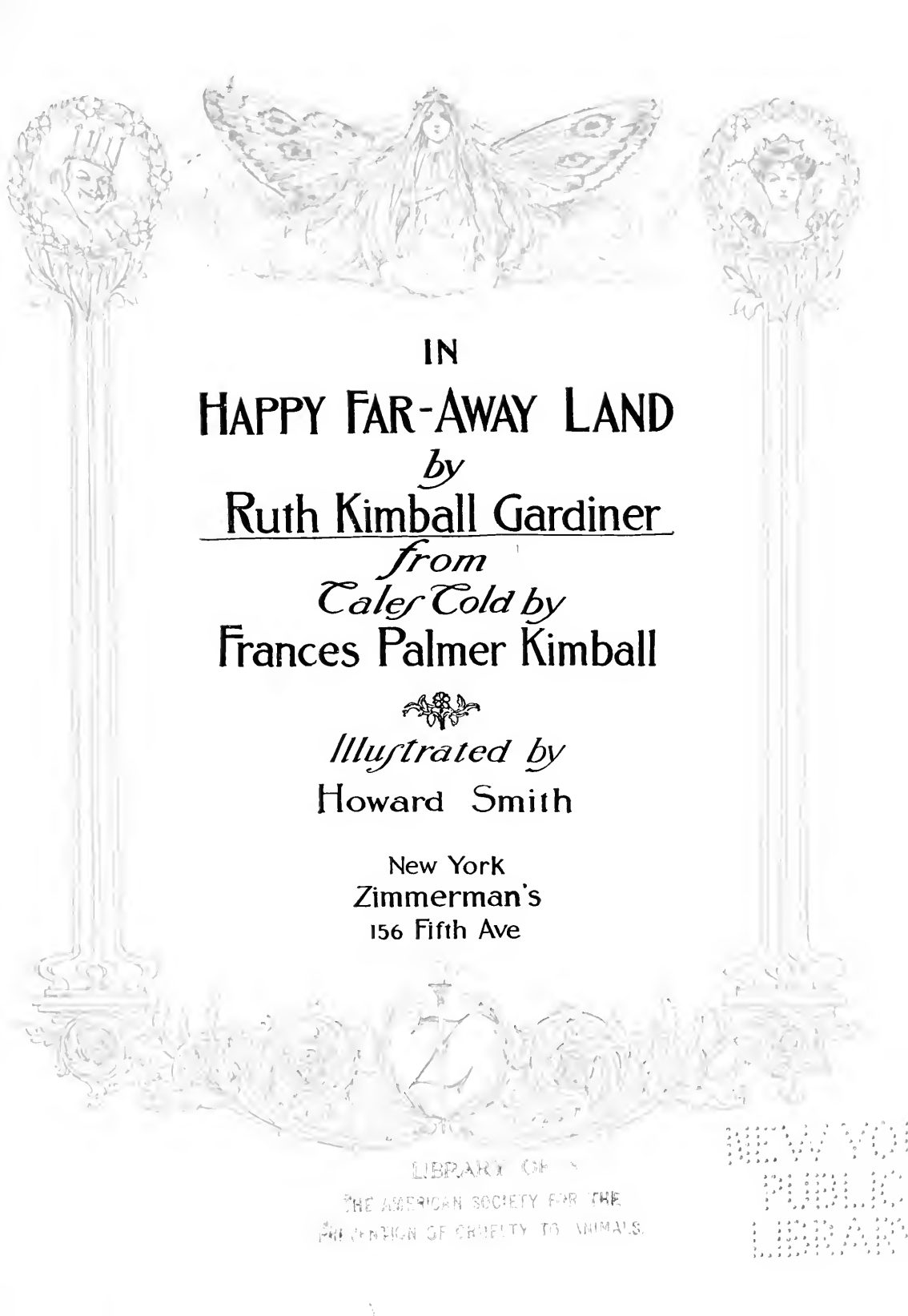
R

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ASTOR LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS  
M L



"I CAN NOT LEAVE MY SHEEP," SAID THE BOY






IN  
HAPPY FAR-AWAY LAND  
*by*  
Ruth Kimball Gardiner  
*from*  
*Tales Told by*  
Frances Palmer Kimball



*Illustrated by*  
Howard Smith

New York  
Zimmerman's  
156 Fifth Ave

LIBRARY OF  
THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE  
PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.



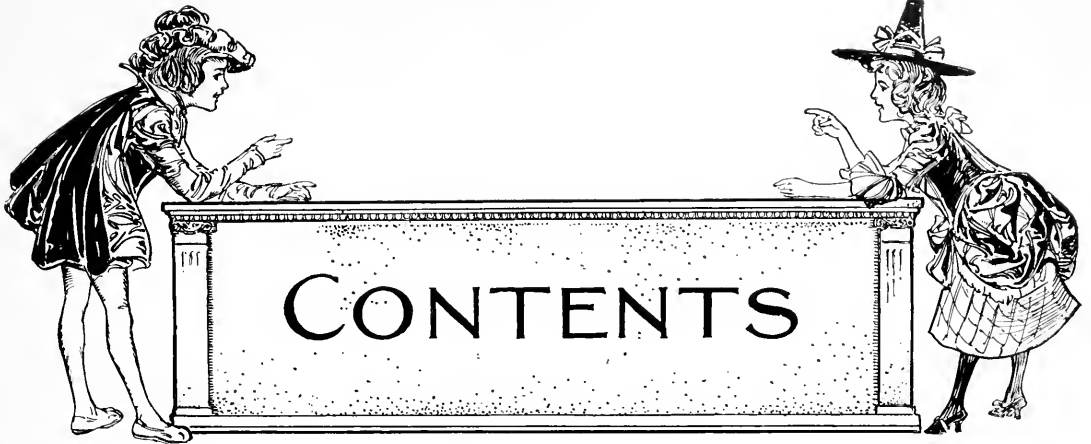
THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
**883720A**  
ASTOR LENOX  
TILDEN FOUNDATION  
NEW YORK

COPYRIGHTED  
BY  
ZIMMERMAN'S

1902

*Issued, September, 1902*

NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ASTOR LENOX  
TILDEN FOUNDATION



	PAGE
PRINCESS BO-PEEP . . . . .	9
LITTLE TEN-PIN BALL . . . . .	19
THE FAIRY FAY . . . . .	24
DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY . . . . .	35
THE WHITE KNIGHT . . . . .	43
FLUFF . . . . .	56
LUCY LOCKET . . . . .	62
BESSIE BELL . . . . .	71
THE WAYS OF THE FAIRY GRUMPS . . . . .	82
LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER . . . . .	90
THE MACHINE-MAKER'S MAN . . . . .	97
THE FIR TREE . . . . .	106

401 X 28







ONCE upon a time there lived in the land of Far Away a king who was called King Cole. He was a good and kind king, and all his people loved him, for he did everything he could to make them happy. He was fond of music, and every evening, after he had eaten the big bowl of porridge which he had for tea every day—for although he was a king, he liked simple things to eat—he would call for his pipe, which had a lion's head carved on it, and sit back in his great chair, smoking, while his three fiddlers played merry music to him.

Now, the people in Far Away Land are very fond of singing. They sing at their work, and they sing at their play, and the songs that they sing are all about the country they live in, and the things that happen there. King Cole often heard the men as they went to work in the morning singing a song as they passed the palace—a song they had made about him—and he laughed as he heard it, for this is what it was :

“Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
A merry old soul was he ;  
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,  
And he called for his fiddlers three.”

King Cole and his wife, Queen Anne, had only one child, a little daughter, who had a great many long and beautiful names, as all princesses have, but

she was always called Princess Bo-Peep. That was because she was so sweet and merry and playful, and was always running about the King's great gardens and springing out, laughing, from hiding-places, when people did not expect to see her. Everybody loved her, for she was never naughty, nor cross, nor fretful. Even the birds loved her, for she scattered seeds and crumbs for them to feed on, and when they came near touched them so gently that they saw she did not mean to hurt them, and so were not afraid of her. Among all the birds, she liked the blackbirds best, because they came into the garden every day and snapped up the worms that were eating the fresh leaves of the trees, and destroying the buds of the flowers. Whenever she went into the garden, she carried a pocketful of rye to throw to them, for the blackbirds that live in Far Away Land like nothing so well as rye.

Princess Bo-Peep had a little garden of her own, where she used to tend the flowers, wiping the dust from their leaves, loosening the earth around their stems, where the sun had baked it too hard, and picking off the withered leaves and flowers, so that the plants might grow tall and strong, and put forth new leaves and flowers.

Queen Anne had her garden, too, and into it Bo-Peep was never allowed to go, except when her mother went with her, for the plants in the Queen's garden were so delicate and tall, and the paths so narrow, that if Bo-Peep should forget to walk carefully, and begin to run, as little girls like to do, she would be sure to break off some of the flowers. They had been sent to the Queen by the kings and queens of the countries round about, and were very rare and beautiful. There was one plant of a kind which no one in Far Away Land had ever seen before, and Queen Anne watched it very carefully, hoping it would bloom. At last a pink bud began to peep out between the green leaves, and the Queen gave orders that nobody should go into the garden, for she was afraid that something might happen to the bud, and she wanted to have it open into a new and lovely flower, that she could show to the King and Queen of Hearts, who were coming to pay the King and Queen of Far Away Land a visit.

Bo-Peep often passed the gate of her mother's garden, and stopped to peep through, but she never went in, for the Queen had forbidden that, and she did not want to make her mother unhappy by disobeying her. Instead of going into the garden, she went into the fields and meadows to play.

One day, as she was gathering wild flowers in the meadow, she saw a boy, who was tending sheep. He looked very unhappy.

“What is the matter?” asked the little princess.

“I have had no dinner,” answered the boy. “My father, who is the king’s cook, gave it to me this morning in a basket, which I set down in the shade of that tree over there, but Mary, the kitchen maid, who is always unkind to everybody, came this way before noon, and threw my basket into the brook. So I have had nothing to eat since breakfast, and I am very hungry.”

Bo-Peep was just as sorry for the poor boy as she could be.

“Can’t you run back to the palace and get something to eat there?” she asked.

“No,” answered the shepherd boy, shaking his head; “no, I cannot leave my sheep. There is nobody to watch them but me, and I cannot go.”

Bo-Peep could not bear to see the boy’s face so sad.

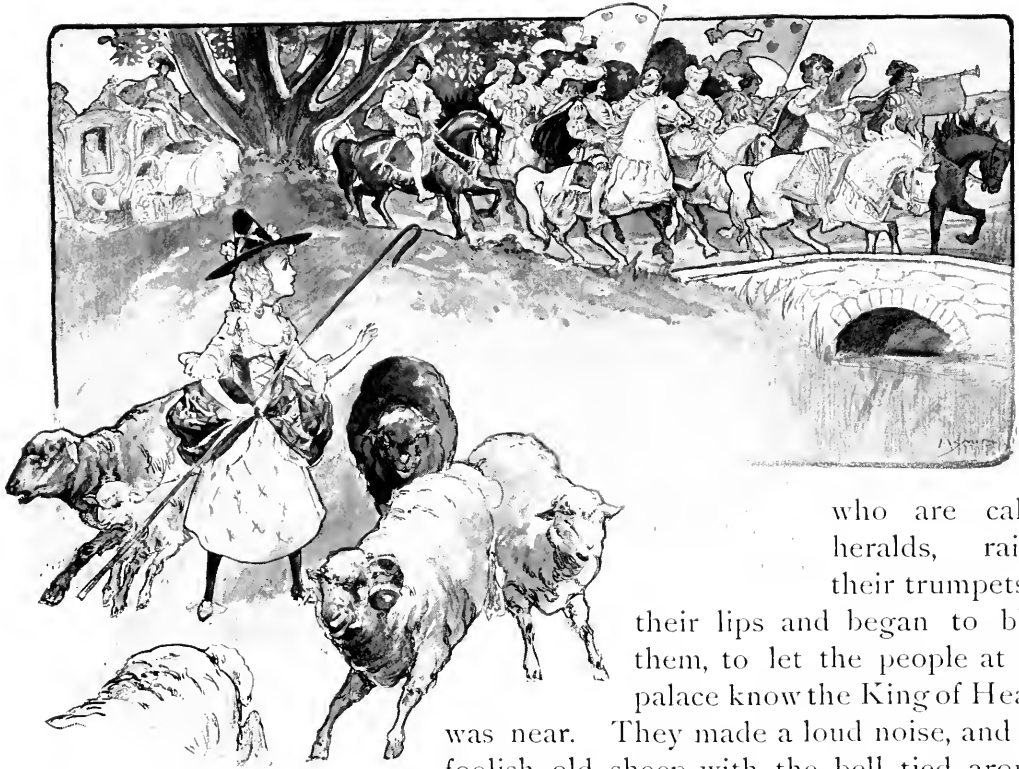
“I will watch your sheep,” she said. “I will stay here till you come back. Now, run to your father, and ask him for something to eat, and tell him what a cruel thing Mary has done.”

The boy ran off as fast as his feet could carry him, and was soon out of sight. The sheep were all feeding quietly in the meadow, and it was not hard work for the little princess to watch them, for wherever they went, they followed an old sheep who wore a bell on his neck, and was their leader. When he moved to another side of the field, they all ran after him, and when he stood still, they stood still, too, and nibbled the fresh, green grass.

It was pleasant in the meadow, with daisies and buttercups and wild strawberries to gather, and the little princess was happy, because she was doing something to please somebody else, which is the best way of all to make one’s self happy. She was so busy with the sheep and the flowers and the berries that she did not notice a long procession which was riding along the road beside the meadow, till the sun glanced from the golden buckles on the horses, and shone into her eyes.

First of all in the procession rode men on horseback in red and white coats, with trumpets in their hands. Behind them were lords and ladies, beautifully dressed, riding on horses that pranced and danced as they passed, and after these came a gilded coach, drawn by eight white horses. It had a red heart painted on the door, and by that Bo-Peep knew that it was the carriage of the King of Hearts, who was coming to visit her father.

As she stood looking at the procession, the men with the trumpets,



who are called heralds, raised their trumpets to their lips and began to blow them, to let the people at the palace know the King of Hearts was near. They made a loud noise, and the foolish old sheep with the bell tied around his neck did not know what it was. It frightened him, for he thought something dreadful must be going to happen, so he began to run as fast as he could, with all the sheep after him. Across the meadow he led them, through a hole in the hedge, over a brook, and into the woods. Bo-Peep ran after them, calling to them to come back, but the foolish old bell-sheep could not understand her, so he ran on and on, and as he could run much faster with his four legs than Bo-Peep with her two, he was soon far, far away, and so deep in the wood with all the sheep that she could not see any of them.

As soon as she saw that she could not bring back the sheep she ran back to the road beside the meadow, for she thought that if any of the men in the procession were still there, she could ask them to help her find the sheep. But they were all gone, and there was nothing for the little princess to do but hurry home and tell the shepherd boy what had happened.

On her way she passed a gardener, and when she told him that the sheep were lost, he told her not to worry, for when the bell-sheep found that



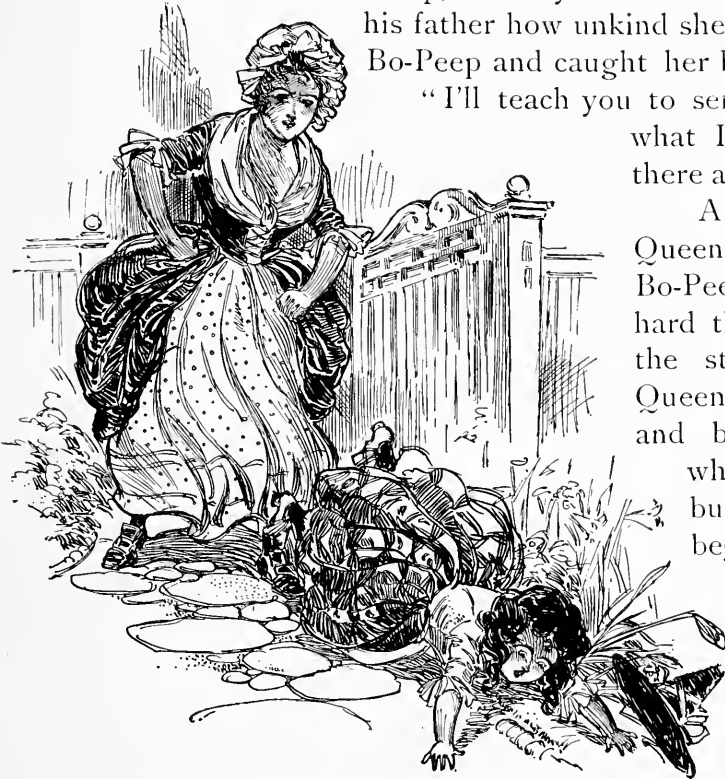
the noise of the trumpets did not hurt him he would come home, and bring all the other sheep with him. Bo-Peep was glad to hear this and ran on, but before she was out of hearing the gardener had made a song about it, for the people in Far Away Land make songs about everything they hear, and was singing it. This is what the song was :

“ Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,  
And can't tell where to find them.  
Let them alone, and they'll come home,  
Bringing their tails behind them.”

The little princess came to the palace by and by, and was just passing the gate of the Queen's garden, on her way to her mother, to tell what had happened to her, when she met Mary, the cruel kitchen maid. Mary was angry because the shepherd boy had told the cook what she had done with his dinner, and she was angry with Bo-Peep, too, for if Bo-Peep had not stayed with the sheep, the boy could not have come home to tell his father how unkind she had been. She ran up to Bo-Peep and caught her by the shoulders.

“ I'll teach you to send that boy home to tell what I do !” she cried. “ Go in there and stay, I say !”

And opening the gate of Queen Anne's garden she pushed Bo-Peep in, and pushed her so hard that the little girl fell on the strange plant which the Queen was taking such care of, and broke off the stalk on which grew the pretty pink bud. The poor little princess began to cry when she saw what had happened, and Mary ran off to tell the Queen that Bo-Peep had broken her beautiful plant, so that now nobody could ever see it blossom.



The Queen was busy talking to the Queen of Hearts, and could not come to see if what Mary said was true, for it would have been thought very rude of her to leave her guest, but she was very sorry to hear that the bud was broken, and sorrier still to hear that her little daughter had disobeyed her by going into the garden. So she sent word that instead of putting on her prettiest frock and coming in to see the King and Queen of Hearts, Bo-Peep was to go to bed at once, with only a slice of bread for her supper.

Bo-Peep was very unhappy indeed, and lay in her little white bed crying as if her heart would break, for she knew the Queen was vexed with her, and she could not bear to displease her dear mother.

She knew that the ladies would have tea in the drawing-room, and she dearly wished for a piece of cake, for she had seen the cook making it that very morning, and it had nuts in it, and plums, and there was frosting on top that looked almost like lace.

She was crying so hard that she did not hear somebody rapping at the door. It was the cook, and finding that she did not hear him rap, he opened the door and came in. He had come to bring her a piece of the wonderful cake, and a pocketful of rye to feed to the blackbirds.

Bo-Peep was very glad to get the cake and delighted to have the rye, for she fed her dear birds every afternoon, and this time they had gathered about her window and she had nothing to give them. She took the grains of rye and scattered them on the window-sill, where the birds at once began to pick them up. Then she saw that the kind old cook's face was very sad.

"Why are you so unhappy?" she asked kindly.

"O Princess," said the cook, "I am unhappy because I cannot think of



any new dish to cook for the grand supper the King is to give in honor of the King of Hearts this very night. The King says that I must have something that nobody has ever thought of having at a supper before, or he will send me and my boy away to-morrow. It is nearly time to begin to cook the supper now, and I cannot think of anything to cook, except the things the King has already eaten many times before."

Bo-Peep was thinking hard all the time the cook was talking, and just as he finished telling her his trouble, one of her blackbirds flew in at the open window, and pecked at a bright, new sixpence which her father had given her that morning, and which lay in a little box on the table near the window. Bo-Peep looked up and saw the bird. She looked at him for a moment, and then she began to laugh, for the blackbirds made her think of something for the cook to make for the supper. She whispered in his ear, and he went away, smiling, with a covered basket which Bo-Peep gave him.

He did not tell any one what was in the basket, and he did not tell any one, not even the King, what he was going to have for supper. The King wanted very much to know, too, for he wanted to surprise the King of Hearts, and think as long as he might, he could not think of anything that somebody had not heard of for supper.

It was a beautiful supper. The table was set in the great dining-room of the palace, and the King's best silver and gold dishes were placed upon it. The table-cloth was so glossy it looked like white satin, and the candles shone like stars in the golden candlesticks. There were bouquets of lovely flowers here and there on the table, and when the Queen saw them, and thought of the strange flower that she had been keeping to show to the King of Hearts, the flower that would have bloomed that very evening if Bo-Peep had not broken it, she was so unhappy that she could not eat a mouthful of any of the good things that were set before her.

First, the servants brought to the table fine things such as people have only once or twice a week to eat; then they brought in things people have only once or twice a year. After that they brought in things people have only once or twice in all their lives, and by and by they began to serve things that only kings ever have at all.

It was a very fine supper, but it did not please King Cole, for although he liked plain food himself, he wanted to have the best in the world for his guests. More than the best, he wanted to have something they had never seen nor

heard of before, and as dish after dish was brought in, his face grew dark with anger, for there was not one thing among them all that was new to the King of Hearts.

Besides the King and Queen of Hearts and King Cole and Queen Anne, there were nineteen princes and princesses and duchesses and lords and ladies at the table, and they all said that everything was the best they had ever eaten. Still, King Cole was not pleased; and he was just thinking how he would send the cook away the very first thing in the morning, when the doors of the dining-room flew open, and in came four servants in their best clothes, and clean and neat as new pins. On their shoulders they carried a dish, in which was a great pie.

King Cole looked up in surprise when the doors flew open, and hoped to see something wonderful and new and strange, but when the pie was set before him, he was so disappointed, and so angry at the cook for sending such a thing, that he could hardly hold the knife to cut it.

It looked just like a common pie, but the moment the King cut the upper crust, everybody's eyes opened wide in surprise, for inside that pie, instead of meat or fruit, were twenty-four blackbirds, and they were alive, too. As soon as the crust was cut, they lifted up their little heads, and began to sing, for they knew that no harm could come to them, because it was Bo-Peep who had caught them and given them to the cook, and they knew she loved them as dearly as they loved her.

Singing, they flew out of the pie, and then the people saw that each bird had a jewel tied about its neck by a ribbon. The first bird flew to the Queen of Hearts, and she took the jewel from its ribbon, and fastened it in her hair. The second bird carried its jewel to the King of Hearts, the third flew with its jewel to one of the duchesses, and so the birds went around the table, till each person there had received a beautiful jewel, to keep as a gift to remember the evening by, and everybody said the pie was the most wonderful thing that had ever been seen.

The twenty-fourth bird had no gift tied around his neck. As soon as the pie was opened, he flew straight out of the window, and into the garden, where Mary, the cruel kitchen maid, was hanging out some aprons she had been washing. The blackbird flew to her, and nipped off her nose, to punish her for telling a falsehood, and for being so unkind.

King Cole was delighted with the pie. He sent for the cook, and thanked him before all the guests.

“Please, Your Majesty,” said the cook, bowing, “I made the pie, but I deserve no thanks. The Princess Bo-Peep told me what to make, and gave me the birds.”

King Cole looked around, but he did not see his daughter. The Queen whispered to him that Bo-Peep had been sent to bed for breaking the strange new flower, but she whispered so loud that the cook heard her.

“Please, Your Majesty,” he said again, “it was not the dear Princess’s fault that the flower was broken. Mary, the kitchen maid, pushed her into the garden, for my son saw her, and has just told me.”

“Go, bring my daughter here !” cried the King. “I will thank her for pleasing me so much. She shall dance at the ball to-night, and it shall not begin till she comes.”

The ladies hurried away to dress Bo-Peep in her prettiest frock, with her best sash, and her newest slippers, and bring her down to the ball-room. While they were gone, King Cole went into his counting-room, arm in arm with the King of Hearts, to count out a great many pieces of gold as a reward for the cook, and the Queen, who had been too unhappy to eat anything at the supper, slipped down into the kitchen for a bite of bread and honey.

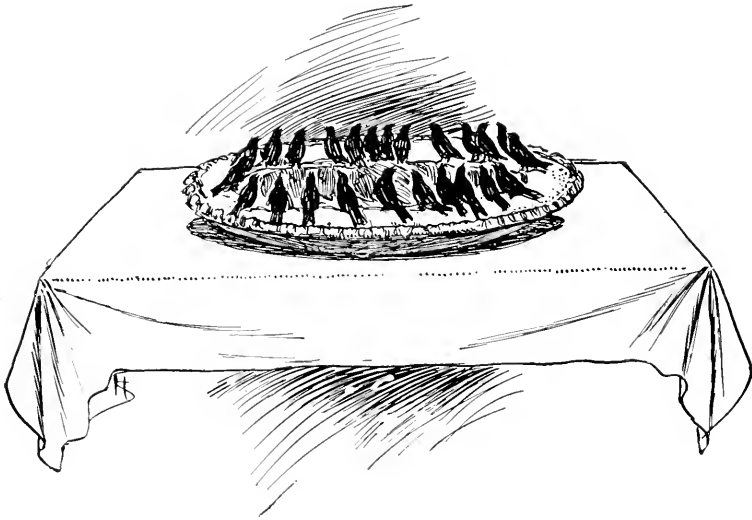
When Bo-Peep was dressed, she came into the ball-room, and all the people clapped their hands, and all the ladies wanted to kiss her, but she ran straight to her mother, who caught her in her arms and kissed her again and again, for Queen Anne was so happy to know that her little daughter had not disobeyed her after all, that she did not once think about the broken flower. Bo-Peep was glad because she had helped the cook, but most of all because she had pleased her father, and because her mother knew that it was not her fault that the flower was broken. And when she danced that night, with all the lords and ladies, in the beautiful ball-room, Princess Bo-Peep was the happiest little girl in all the land of Far Away.


Of course, the people of Far Away Country made a song about it, for in that country they make songs about everything, and this is the song as they sing it there to this very day :

“Sing a song of sixpence,  
A pocket full of rye ;  
Four-and-twenty blackbirds  
Baked in a pie.

*PRINCESS BO-PEEP*

When the pie was opened,  
The birds began to sing;  
Wasn't that a dainty dish  
To set before a King?  
The King was in his counting-house  
Counting out his money;  
The Queen was in the kitchen  
Eating bread and honey;  
The maid was in the garden  
Hanging out the clothes,  
When along came a blackbird  
And nipped off her nose."





# Little Ten-Pin Ball

THE people who live in Far Away Land are very fond of playing games, and the game they like best of all is ten-pins. In nearly every street of the city where King Cole's great palace stands, is a bowling-alley, and in King Cole's time there was never an afternoon when you could not have heard the balls rumbling and rolling, if you had been there.

They made a noise like thunder as they rolled down the long alleys, and whenever the little Princess Bo-Peep heard real thunder, she used to clap her hands and cry:

“O listen! The good fairies are playing ten-pins up in the clouds.”

She liked to hear the thunder, for she wanted the fairies to be happy, and she thought that if they were playing ten-pins they must be as happy as she always was when good Queen Anne took her into the King's long bowling-alley near the palace, and let her roll the balls.

King Cole's bowling-alley was a very long one, and was painted a most beautiful blue color, both inside and out. Its floor was swept every day, so that there was not a speck of dust on it, and there were many seats, with blue and white cushions, for the lords and ladies to rest on when they were not bowling.

Now, the game of bowling, or ten-pins, is a very simple one, as perhaps you know. You have only to roll a wooden ball down a long, narrow strip of floor, and knock down with it some wooden pins, shaped very like bottles, which stand at the farther end of the strip of floor, which is called an alley. It is simple, but it is not so easy to do as it seems, for at each side of the narrow strip of floor on which the ball rolls, is a little gutter, and if the ball rolls off the alley into this, it cannot strike any of the pins. In King

Cole's bowling hall there were several strips of floor, or alleys, with gutters between them. Just between each two gutters was a wooden trough, held up in the air on iron rods. This trough was higher at the end of the alley where the pins were, than it was at the end where the people stood to play, and when a ball was rolled down to the farther end of the alley, it was the duty of the boy, who stayed there and set up the pins when they were knocked down, to pick up the ball and put it in the trough, where it could roll back to the players again.

In King Cole's alley there were many wooden ten-pin balls, large and small. The smallest one of all was new and very timid, for he had not yet learned what bowling was, nor what he was expected to do.

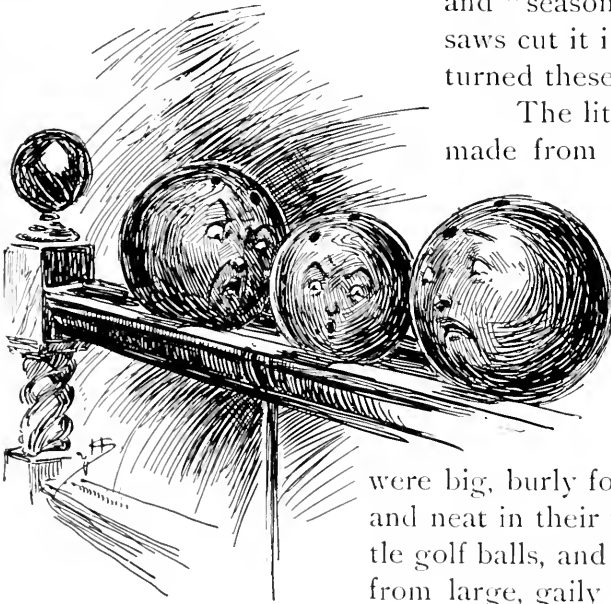
He had not been a ball long. He had been part of a tree which grew in the forest, and he did not know there was any world except what he saw in the woods, till one day in the winter, when the snow was on the ground, men came and chopped the tree down. After they had cut off the branches they loaded the trunk, with other tree trunks, on a sledge and dragged it to the frozen river, where it stayed till the ice melted in the spring, and the swift stream carried it down to the city. In the edge of the city men caught it with hooks and spikes, dragged it ashore, and left it in the sun till it was well dried

and "seasoned," as they called it. After that, saws cut it into blocks, and last of all, a lathe turned these blocks into round balls.

The little ball was the smallest that was made from the tree he grew in, but he was

sound and perfect, without a knot or crack in him. He went with a great many other balls to a shop, where he lay on a shelf waiting to be sold. On the other shelves in the shop there were balls of all the kinds you can think of. There

were big, burly foot-balls, hard baseballs, very trim and neat in their white coats, light tennis balls, little golf balls, and rubber balls of all sorts and sizes, from large, gaily painted balls, soft enough for a





baby to play with, to hard black balls which bounce when they are flung down, and sting the hand when you try to catch them.

The little ten-pin ball was a very friendly fellow, and he would have liked dearly to roll about on the shelf and talk to the balls about him, but the very first time he tried to move nearer the big foot-ball at the end of the shelf, a large ten-pin ball whispered to him to stay where he was.

"The foot-ball is a rough, rude fellow," the large ten-pin ball said to him. "We ten-pin balls never make friends with balls like him. He looks very well on the outside, but I can tell you that inside he is quite hollow. We ten-pin balls have stout hearts and are solid and true all the way through."

"But why will you not let me make friends with those wooden balls which have each a gay ring painted on them?" asked the little ball. "They are wooden like us, and stout hearted, too."

"The croquet balls are wooden, to be sure," answered the large ball, "but they are not like us. The wood from which they are made is not hard as our wood is, and if a croquet ball were to be knocked about as we shall be, he would split from fright and be no longer perfectly round. We are made of the hardest wood, and we are a fine lot. If you will lie quite still you will soon see for what we were made."

The little ball lay still, and wondered what was to be done with him, till one day the King's steward came and carried him off, with several other balls, to King Cole's bowling-alley.

The little ball did not know what the steward meant by a bowling-alley, but he was delighted when he found himself carried into the long, low, blue building and placed in the trough where the other balls lay, ready for the players to use. He looked all about, and wondered what was to be done with him, when suddenly something gave him a push. It was a very large ball which the boy had just rolled down the trough, and after looking at the little ball scornfully, it began, very rudely, to talk over his head to the other balls.

"Dear me!" said the big ball, who was the largest ball in all the alley. "What does the steward mean by bringing here a good-for-nothing little ball like this new one! It is far too little to be of any use, and will not help us in our work at all. It will only be in my way when I come rolling down the trough. Who will want such a little ball while I am here?"

And he gave the little ball a push which sent him rolling to the end of

the trough, where another large ball, not heeding the little ball's polite apology for bumping into it, pushed him rudely away.

"Get out of my way!" went on the largest ball haughtily. "You are too little and too light to be of any use to any one."

The little ball was sad at heart to hear this, for the fairies in the forest had told him that everything in the world had its work to do, and he did not like to think that he was too small to be of any use.

Many days he lay in the trough, where the big balls jostled him and scolded him for being in their way, and not a player picked him up. He saw the big balls taken up, and heard them rolled down the long alley, crashing into the pins and upsetting them. He wished with all his heart he were not so useless, and he was not at all happy, for he was idle, and no one who is idle can be really happy.

One morning he heard one of the boys who tended the alley say to another, "The King is coming to bowl to-day. We must make the alley as tidy as ever we can, and see that all the balls are in the trough ready for him."

The balls clicked together with excitement when they heard that, and the big ball rolled over proudly, saying that King Cole would never notice the smaller balls while he was there. The little ball's heart quite ached with wishing that he were large and heavy, but wishing could not change his size.

The King came with all his court, and the pins were set up in their places at the end of the alley.

"The King will take me first," boasted the big ball. "I am the heaviest ball here, and I do not have to try at all to send the pins tumbling. I shall knock them all down the very first time I am rolled. Watch me, you useless little ball, and you shall see what a fine ball I am."

King Cole picked up the big ball, swung his arm forward with it, and sent it rolling down the alley. The big ball was so proud, and so sure that he could knock all the pins down without half-trying, that he was careless, and did not take any pains at all to roll straight. So the ill fortune which comes to those who boast, came to him. He rolled down the alley a little way, and then slid into the gutter, where he could not so much as touch a pin.

The King tried the large balls one after the other, but they were all so sure they could knock the pins down, that they took no trouble at all, so that the most of them rolled into the gutter, just as the largest ball had done.

“Well, well!” said the King. “These big balls roll badly. I will try this little new one.”

The little ball was much frightened when he heard this.

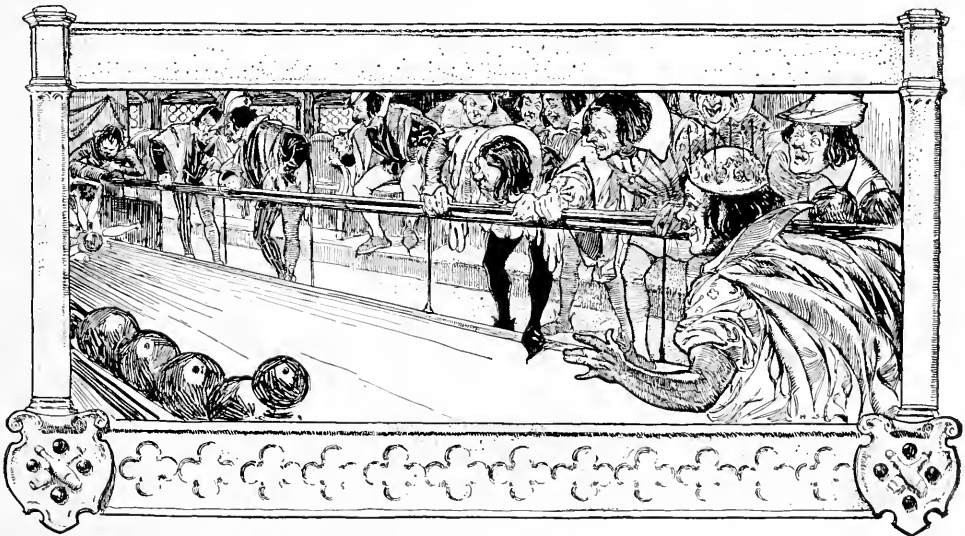
“O dear!” he thought. “If the biggest ball of all did not knock the pins down, what can a poor little ball like me expect? I shall not be able to touch a single pin.”

“However,” he said to himself, “I shall roll just as carefully and as straight and as fast as I can, and perhaps I may knock down a few pins. At least, I shall do my best, and that is all even the King can expect of me.”

So, saying this to himself, he plucked up courage, and when the King picked him up, he was as steady and as brave as any ball in the alley. The King swung him out in his strong hand, and sent him flying down the alley. The little ball thought of nothing but rolling as straight and as fast as he could, and ran squarely into the first pin, which he struck so hard and true that it fell among the other pins, throwing them all down.

“A ten-strike!” cried the King. “All the pins down! It is the first time I have made a ten-strike to-day. It is all because of that new little ball, which rolls so straight and so well. I shall use no other ball to-day.”

When the little ball heard that, he was so happy that his little wooden heart almost cracked for joy. He was the King’s own ball after that, and he was happy, for he always tried to do his best, and whoever does that, is sure to do his part in the beautiful world well, no matter how small he may be.



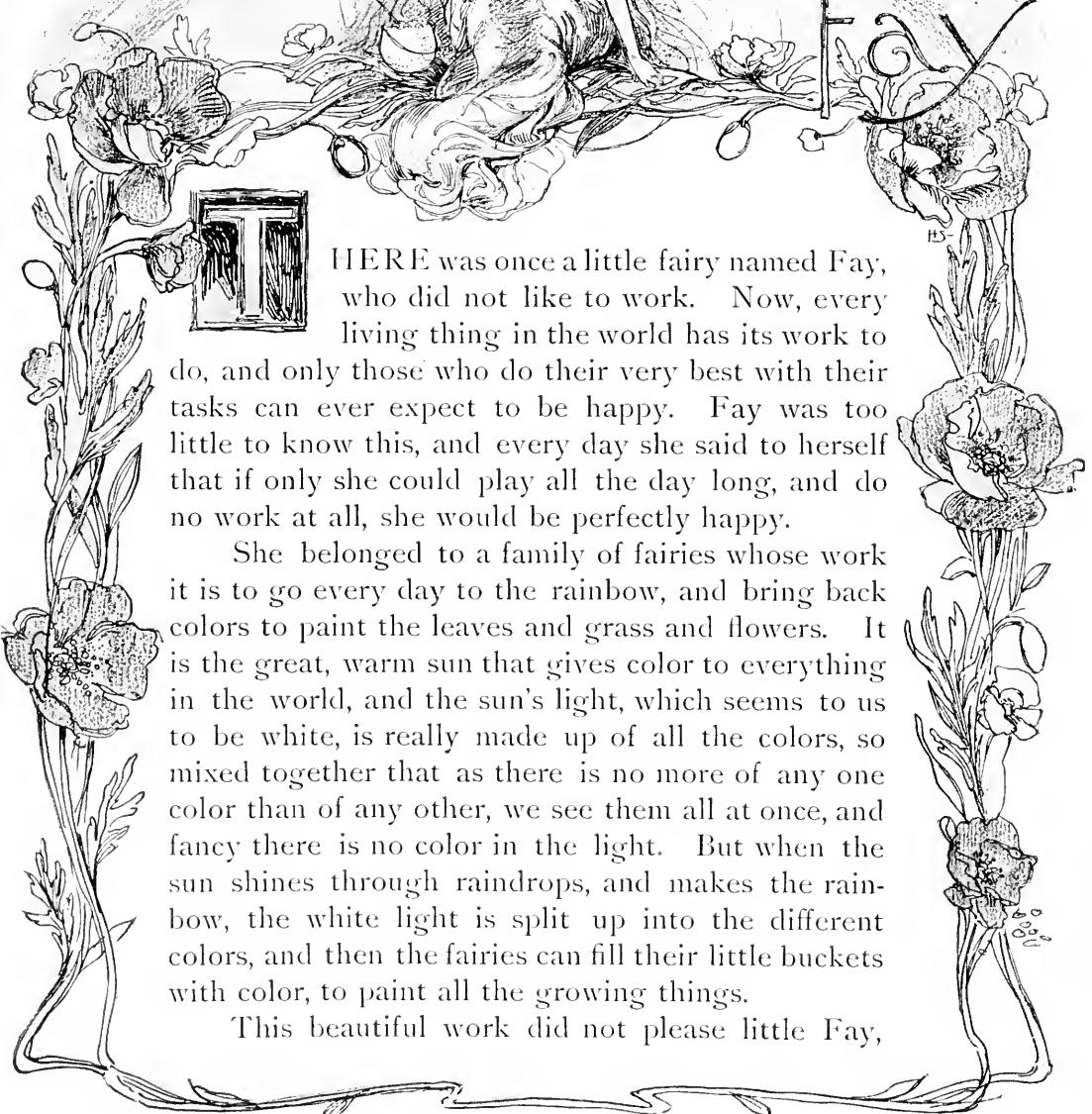
# The Fairy



HERE was once a little fairy named Fay, who did not like to work. Now, every living thing in the world has its work to do, and only those who do their very best with their tasks can ever expect to be happy. Fay was too little to know this, and every day she said to herself that if only she could play all the day long, and do no work at all, she would be perfectly happy.

She belonged to a family of fairies whose work it is to go every day to the rainbow, and bring back colors to paint the leaves and grass and flowers. It is the great, warm sun that gives color to everything in the world, and the sun's light, which seems to us to be white, is really made up of all the colors, so mixed together that as there is no more of any one color than of any other, we see them all at once, and fancy there is no color in the light. But when the sun shines through raindrops, and makes the rainbow, the white light is split up into the different colors, and then the fairies can fill their little buckets with color, to paint all the growing things.

This beautiful work did not please little Fay,



and one day, when she had left a lovely red rose only half colored, her mother spoke to her :

“Why don't you do your work well?” she asked.

“It is because I am tired of working,” answered Fay. “I see so many things in the world which do not work, and I do not see why I should be obliged to go to the rainbow every day. I wish I were not a fairy at all. I want to be something that does not have to work.”

“Everything in the world has to work, my dear little girl,” said Fay's mother, “but if you want to be something else than a fairy, we will go to the Queen of the Fairies and ask her to change you into just what you want to be.”

The Queen of the Fairies smiled when she heard that Fay wanted to be something which did not have to work, for she was very old and wise.

“What would you like to be, my dear?” she asked.

Fay thought for a moment.

“I think I should like to be a bee, if you please,” she said.

The Queen of the Fairies waved her wand, and in an instant Fay was changed from a fairy to a little brown bee. She was very much pleased, for she thought that now she could fly about all day, sipping the honey from the flowers, and doing nothing but play. She flew straight to a plum tree which was filled with sweet-smelling white blossoms, and drank the honey from the flowers, till she had had so much that it no longer tasted sweet to her. She spoke to several other bees near her, but they were all too busy filling their little bags with honey to talk to her. She flew about this way and that, and by and by she began to feel lonely. Lonelier and lonelier she grew as it began to be dark. She remembered her father and mother and the cosy home high up on the mullein stalk, where she had slept every night when she was a fairy, and she began to wonder where she could spend the night. At last she spoke to a kind-looking bee, who was flying away from the plum blossoms :

“Where do you stay at night?” she asked.

“Why,” answered the bee, “all the bees live in hives. Have you no hive?”

“No,” said Fay. “I have been a bee only since this morning, and I do not know where to go to find a hive.”

“Come with me then,” said the bee, “and I will take you home to the hive where I live. Perhaps our Queen will let you stay there.”

So Fay flew along with her new bee friend, and presently they came to a hive in an orchard which belonged to the King of Far Away Land. The Queen Bee, who rules all the bees in a hive, was waiting at the door, and as the bees came in, each with a bag of honey, she spoke to them all, and watched them while they gave their honey to the bees whose work it is to store the honey away in the little six-sided boxes of the honeycomb.

"Why, who is this?" she asked, when she saw Fay.

"It is a new bee whom I found to-day," answered Fay's bee-friend.

"Has she brought some honey?" asked the Queen Bee.

Then the bees all stood silent to hear what Fay might say.

"I have brought no honey," she said. "I was not working to-day; I was playing."

"Playing!" cried all the bees at once, as if they had never heard of such a thing before.

"Playing!" said the Queen. "Why, where will you get honey to eat in the winter when there are no flowers, if you do not gather it every day now? I am afraid we cannot have a bee in this hive who brings no honey home, for bees who bring no honey must not expect to eat what busy bees bring."

"O please do not send me away!" said poor Fay. "I have been a bee only since this morning, and if you will not let me stay here to-night, I shall have to stay out in the dark all alone, for I have no place to go. To-morrow I will bring my share of honey."

The Queen said she might stay that night, and when Fay awoke in the morning and heard the rain pattering on the roof of the hive, she was very glad indeed that she had a warm and dry place to stay in.

It rained all day, and the bees did not go out, but worked in the hive making wax, moulding it into little honeycomb boxes, and feeding the baby bees who were only little grubs yet, curled up, each of them, in a little six-sided box. The bees laughed and talked as they worked away, and Fay found it so pleasant in the busy hive that she almost forgot to feel homesick for her father and mother and the home on the mullein stalk.

The next day she went with her bee friend to the orchard, and this time she ate honey only when she was hungry, and found that it tasted much better than when she had eaten so much of it on the day when she first became a bee. She filled her little bag with honey, and when she flew home to the hive in the evening, the Queen Bee said she was a very good worker, and the

other bees, who had not been very friendly before, were as kind as they could be, so that she felt very much at home.

When she came back to the hive the next day after that, she found it in an uproar. The King's gardener had come and taken the Queen Bee away, and the poor bees were distressed and frightened, for now they had no one to show them how to store the honey away and to direct their work. A hive cannot live and work without a Queen, so the bees set to work at once to get another Queen. They chose one of the little baby bees which was in a honeycomb box, and said they would make it their Queen. First, they tore out the sides of its little box, so that it might have more room to grow in than the other baby bees, for the Queen Bee is always much larger than the other bees. Then they brought the finest and richest of food to the little grub, and tended it with wonderful care. Fay was told to stay close beside it and to feed it most carefully, till one day, after it had grown so large that it filled the big honeycomb box the bees had made for it, it changed from a grub to a young Queen Bee, and all the hive was happy, and went to work again.

Fay had found it pleasant to work and to watch the young Queen Bee grow, but by and by she began to feel that being a bee meant much harder work than being a color fairy, and she wished she could be something else.

So one day she flew to the Queen of the Fairies.

"I am tired of being a bee," she said, "for bees have to work much harder than fairies. Please make me something else."

"What would you like to be now?" asked the Queen of the Fairies.

"I should like to be a drop of dew, if you please," said Fay. "I am sure a dewdrop has nothing to do but glitter in the sun all day long, and I want to be something which has no work to do."

The Queen of the Fairies waved her magic wand again, and Fay found herself a bright little dewdrop lying on the petal of a lily. It was a warm, sunny day, and Fay sparkled in the sun like a diamond. She smiled up at the bright blue sky, and by and by she began to grow very warm. As she grew warmer, she began to feel strangely light.

"Why," said she to herself, "I really do believe I am going to fly straight up into the air."

Even as she spoke, she became so light that the air lifted her from the lily petal and floated her up and up into the sky, for the sun had changed her into a bit of vapor, which is lighter than dew, lighter even than the air.

Up and up she went, above the houses, above the tops of the highest trees, and above the hills till she came to a great white cloud, in which were millions and millions of little vapor fairies all just like herself.

They were all chattering of the things they had seen and done, but as Fay had nothing to tell, she kept silent, and looked down at the world as the wind carried the clouds along. The wide rivers looked no larger than little brooks, and the towns and villages were like toys. She was so high that the hills looked flat, and the mountains seemed no larger than small hills. The wind blew the cloud across the top of one of the mountains, and some of the vapor fairies were caught among the trees and clung to the leaves in drops, like dew again. Fay floated past a large house on the mountain, and when she looked through the windows she saw many children inside. They were looking out of the window, and Fay heard them say:

“Oh, dear! I do wish the sun would drive that cloud away, for it is just like a fog up here, and we cannot go out to play till it is gone.”

Fay would have liked to stay and play with the children, but the wind whisked her away, and off she floated into the air again.

It had been warm all day, but after a while, there came a cold wind which blew on the cloud. The little vapor fairies crowded together to keep warm, and elbowed and jostled each other so, that some of them were pushed out of the cloud and fell down to the earth again. Fay was one of those who fell, and as she fell she noticed that she was no longer light like a vapor fairy, but heavy—heavier even than a drop of dew, for she was now a little raindrop.

“Dear me!” she said. “How many things have happened to me! I wonder what I shall be when I reach the earth. I wish I could be a color fairy again, and go back to my father and mother and my home on the mullein stalk.”

Down and down she fell, till at last she stopped on the soft brown earth under the window of a large house. A little girl was working away there with a little rake, but just as Fay reached the ground, the little girl’s mother opened the window, and called to her.

“Come in, Florabel,” she said. “It is beginning to rain.”

Fay had only a moment to watch the other raindrops which had been crowded out of the cloud come pattering down beside her, when she began to feel herself sinking into the ground, and it grew quite dark around her.





THE AIR FLOATED HER UP INTO THE SKY

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ASTOR LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS  
\* L

She was a little frightened, for being hidden in the dark ground is much worse than being a working fairy ; but she had no time to think about herself, for she heard a tired little voice say :

“Oh, if I could only break through this hard shell ! Oh, if I could only break through this hard shell !”

“Who are you ?” asked Fay, for she could see nothing in the dark.

“I am a morning-glory vine,” answered the little voice ; “or, at least I shall be a morning-glory vine if I can break through the shell of this seed which holds me in. It is so dry, and I shall never be able to break through it, unless some rain comes to soften it.”

“I will help you,” said Fay. “I am a raindrop. Tell me where you are, and I will come to you.”

“Sink just a little lower,” said the little voice. “I am under you.”

Fay sank deeper into the ground, and there she came to a little morning-glory seed. She spread herself over it, for she was a drop of water, and the hard shell began to soften.

“Thank you,” said the little voice. “And now if you will help me still more, we shall soon be out of the dark, and in the beautiful sunlight again.”

Fay did all she could to help, and as all the help the little plant needed was a drop of water, soon two odd little leaves, which had been folded snugly inside the seed-shell, began to come out. They grew larger and larger, and pushed away the soft earth over them, till one morning when Florabel looked from her window she cried :

“O mother dear ! My morning-glories are coming up.”

Fay had been so busy helping the morning-glory, that she did not take time to notice how she herself was changing, and now she had become no longer a drop of rain, but a drop of green sap of the vine.

“We shall not need the seed-shell once we are well out of the ground,” said the vine. “There was food stored in it for my first two leaves, but now we have used all that, and I must send down roots to draw food from the earth and I must put forth leaves to draw food from the air. You will see that the leaves I shall put out now are not at all like the two little leaves which were folded inside the shell. I must begin to climb at once.”

Fay did her best to make the vine grow, and day by day it grew taller, till Florabel’s mother said it must have a cord to hold fast to as it climbed. So Florabel tied one end of a long cord to a little stake which she pushed into

the ground close beside the vine, and climbing on a ladder, carried the other end of the cord to her window-sill, where she fastened it to a hook.

"I am so glad Florabel has given me this long cord," said the vine. "My leaves are so much fresher, and I can keep them so much cleaner when they are in the air. Beside, I can do my work so much better when I am in the air."

"Your work!" said Fay, who was helping the vine to twine itself round and round the cord. "Why surely, you have no work to do."

The vine rustled its leaves proudly.

"Yes indeed I have work to do," it said. "God has given every living thing its part to do to make the world beautiful and good to live in, and the work of the leaves is a great one, indeed."

"Why, what do the leaves do, but give shade, and shelter to the birds?" asked Fay.

"The leaves do a great deal more than that," answered the vine. "They make bad air over into fresh air."

Fay was very much surprised to hear this.

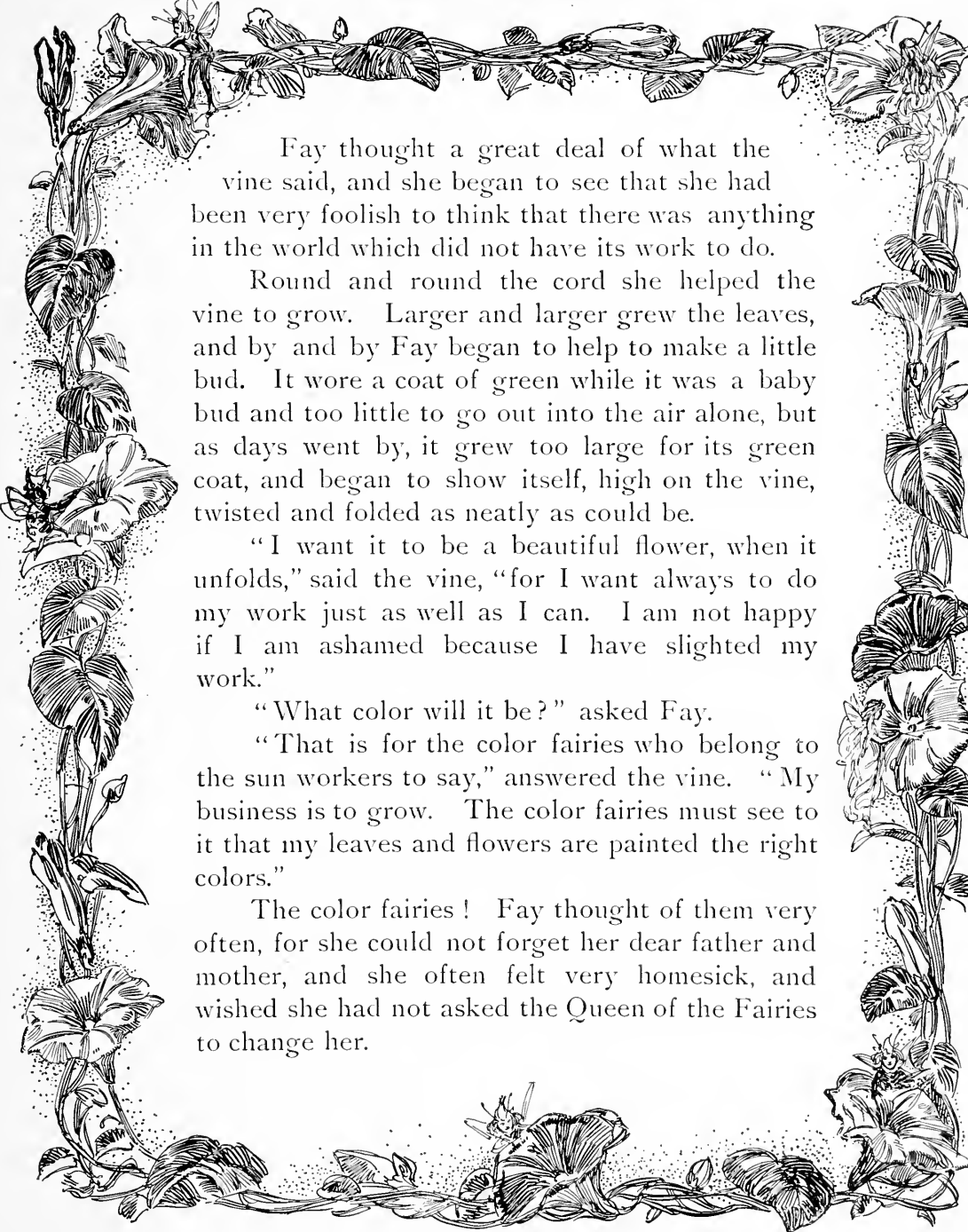
"Human beings and animals breathe in fresh air," went on the vine. "They cannot live without it. They take the freshness of it, which is called oxygen, to make themselves grow, and the rest of the air they breathe out again. The air they breathe out has no freshness in it, and leaves and plants go to work to put freshness into it again, so that it will be good air for animals once more."

"How can the leaves do that?" asked Fay.

"We can do it," said the vine, "because God has so made us that the air which is not good for animals is good for us. We breathe it in, and when we breathe it out, it is full of freshness, and just as good as new."

"It seems like a puzzle," said Fay. "And how can you breathe when you have no mouth?"

"Oh, but I have a great many mouths," said the vine. "All my leaves are covered with them, only they are too small to be seen. And every one of those little mouths is busy breathing out freshness into the air. It is a great work the leaves do. Even when they die and fall to the ground, they have still a work to do, for as they change back to the earth again—the children call it decaying—they make the earth more full of food for the next flowers that spring up."



Fay thought a great deal of what the vine said, and she began to see that she had been very foolish to think that there was anything in the world which did not have its work to do.

Round and round the cord she helped the vine to grow. Larger and larger grew the leaves, and by and by Fay began to help to make a little bud. It wore a coat of green while it was a baby bud and too little to go out into the air alone, but as days went by, it grew too large for its green coat, and began to show itself, high on the vine, twisted and folded as neatly as could be.

"I want it to be a beautiful flower, when it unfolds," said the vine, "for I want always to do my work just as well as I can. I am not happy if I am ashamed because I have slighted my work."

"What color will it be?" asked Fay.

"That is for the color fairies who belong to the sun workers to say," answered the vine. "My business is to grow. The color fairies must see to it that my leaves and flowers are painted the right colors."

The color fairies! Fay thought of them very often, for she could not forget her dear father and mother, and she often felt very homesick, and wished she had not asked the Queen of the Fairies to change her.

One night, when the bud was very large, she fell asleep inside it, for she had worked very hard to make its folds neat and even, and she was tired. When she awoke, there was a soft rustling all about her. The sun was gently unfolding the bud into a beautiful, delicate morning-glory, and as Fay opened her eyes, she saw her own father and mother smiling at her. They had come to finish painting the flower a lovely soft pink. Her mother held out her arms, and Fay flew straight into them.

“O mother dear!” she cried. “I know now that you were right. Everything in the world has its work to do. I will be a good color fairy after this—” and as she said it she became the same little fairy she had been before she was changed into a bee—“I will be a color fairy, and I will do my work well, and be glad that I can help to make the world beautiful.”

So Fay was a color fairy ever after that, and was always contented and happy; and when you see a beautiful red rose, or a purple and gold pansy, or a gay, nodding poppy, you may know that the Fairy Fay has done her work well.





**I**N all Far Away Land there was no one wiser and more learned than Dr. Foster. It was because he had studied so much and learned so many things at school and at college that he was called "Doctor," and when he wrote his name, sometimes he put after it, "Ph.D.," which means Doctor of Philosophy. Only those who have studied a great deal can ever be Doctors of Philosophy, and Dr. Foster loved to study. He loved to teach, too, for teaching was his work. He was the head, or president, of the great college which was built not far from the palace of King Cole.

Although he was so wise, Dr. Foster had a merry heart, and King Cole was very fond of him, for he had always a smile and a kind word for everybody. He could sing gay songs and tell merry tales, and no one in the palace was ever sad or dull while Dr. Foster was there.

He lived in a large house just outside the palace gates, and was very happy there, for he had a wife whom he loved dearly, and a little daughter named Florabel, whom he loved just as much. Mrs. Foster was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sprat, who lived in Gloster, and three or four times every year she went to visit her parents, for Gloster was only a short drive from the great town where stood the palace of old King Cole. When the weather was fine, she always took little Florabel with her, but when it was too cold or too wet, she left her at home with her nurse and father.

Mrs. Foster was just stepping into her carriage one day to go to the palace, where she was to take tea with the Queen, when a man ran up to her

and gave her a letter. It was a letter from her mother, Mrs. Jack Sprat, telling her that her only brother, who was a sailor, had come back from sea.

He had been away for three years, and must go to sea again next day, so that unless Mrs. Foster came at once to Gloster she could not see him for another three years.

“You must stay several days when you come,” Mrs. Sprat said in her letter. “It is time for my furs and blankets to be laid away for the summer, in the cedar chest in the garret, and I must ask you to show my new housemaid just how to do it, for the garret stairs are too narrow for me to go up.”



Mrs. Sprat was a very fat woman, and could not easily go up even wide stairs; but

she was such a good housekeeper that she was not satisfied unless she went all through her house, once every week, to see that the maids were keeping everything in good order. She was very fond of fat meat, and her husband, who was very thin himself, and ate only lean meat, always said that that was what made her so fat. Her liking for fat meat was so well known that the people of Far Away Land, who make songs about everything and everybody, had made a song about it, which Mrs. Sprat, who was very good-natured and full of fun, often sang.

“Jack Sprat could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean,  
And so between the two of them,  
They licked the platter clean.”

Now, when Mrs. Foster learned that her dear brother had come home, she was delighted and ran to tell the news to her husband.

“I must take the carriage and go to Gloster immediately,” she said. “If I start now I shall be able to reach my mother’s house before dark. It is too rainy to take Florabel with me, so I shall leave her here, and you can come over with her to-morrow, for it would break my heart to be away from my little girl longer than one night.”

Mrs. Foster ran upstairs to kiss little Florabel and to write a note to



the Queen to tell her why she could not come to tea. Then she ran down, kissed her husband good-by, stepped into her carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive as fast as he could to Gloster.

The next day was a very busy one for Dr. Foster. He had intended to start for Gloster with Florabel early in the morning, but first one thing and then another happened to delay him and to keep him at the college, so that it was late in the afternoon before he could start on his drive.

It was a day early in the spring, and the roads were so muddy that he took a light dog-cart which he could drive himself. Florabel, who was about two years old, sat beside him on the seat, laughing and talking and as happy as could be. It was warm and clear when they set off, and just outside the town they came to a meadow which seemed to be quite filled with daffodils. Florabel was so delighted to see them that she held out her hands and asked her father to gather some for her. Dr. Foster stopped his horse and plucked as many of the golden flowers as Florabel's tiny hands could hold.

"They are daffodils," he said. Florabel tried to say the word after him, but she could not speak quite plainly yet, and "Daffy-down-dilly" was what she said. She tucked the flowers into her sash and into the frill of her bonnet.

She was so busy playing with them, and her father was so busy watching her, that neither of them noticed the big black clouds which were covering the blue sky, till suddenly it began to rain. Dr. Foster wrapped Florabel in



his water-proof coat, and whipped up his horse, but drive as fast as he might, it grew quite dark before he could see the first house in Gloster.

About a mile from the town a brook ran across the road. At most times it was neither wide nor deep, and could be forded easily, but this day the heavy rains had made it ten times as large as usual. Dr. Foster could not see in the dark how deep the water was, but he had driven through the ford so many times that he was not at all afraid. He drove straight in, and in less than a minute his horse had come to water so deep that he began to swim. The cart floated, but tipped toward one side so much that Dr. Foster was nearly thrown out. He reached out his arm to catch Florabel, but just as he did so he heard a splash. She had fallen into the water, and in the twinkling of an eye was carried down the stream. Dr. Foster was wet to the waist as he leaned from the cart trying to reach her, but it was too dark to see anything, and he knew that the only thing to do was to drive as fast as he could to Gloster, and bring men with lanterns to search for her.

The men came with lanterns and searched all that night and all the next day, but they could not find the little girl, and everybody said she must have been drowned. Her father and mother were broken-hearted when at last they had to give up all hope of finding her. As Dr. Foster could not pass the ford after that without remembering how Florabel had been lost there, he declared that he would never go to Gloster again. He could never bear to hear the song they sang in Gloster about it :

“Dr. Foster went to Gloster  
In a shower of rain ;  
He fell in a puddle up to his middle,  
And never went there again.”

Florabel, however, had not been drowned. She was so little and so light that she floated on the water like a cork ; and the stream carried her on, and on, till at last she drifted ashore, just where a tiny brook flowed into the larger one.

Now, in the forest not far from that place there lived a little old man named Tommy Tittlemouse. He lived all alone in a small house, far away from other houses. The stream near which Florabel had drifted to the shore, did not flow through his land, and so was not his, but there were so many more fishes in it than in any of the streams which did flow through his land, that he

often fished in it. The children who came down to the little brook to wade, or sail their toy boats, often saw him there and made a song about him which said :

“ Little Tommy Tittlemouse lived in a little house ;  
He caught fishes in other men’s ditches.”

He was sitting on the bank of the stream very early one morning, fishing, when he heard a little child crying. He ran at once in the direction from which the sound came, and there at the edge of the water he found poor little Florabel, still wrapped in her father’s coat.

She was wet and cold and hungry, so Tommy Tittlemouse took her up and hurried home to his little house with her. When he had wrapped her in a warm shawl and put her clothes by the fire to dry, he gave her some bread and milk, and sang to her, and presently she laid her little head against his shoulder and fell fast asleep.

He tucked her in his bed and then began to look through the pockets of the coat to see if there were anything in them which could tell who the child was and whence she came. He found two letters, but as they were written in French, he could not read them. One of them, though of course he did not know that, was the letter Mrs. Foster had written to Queen Anne telling her why she could not come to take tea. Dr. Foster had forgotten to give it to the Queen. The other letter was one the Queen had written to Mrs. Foster as soon as she heard of Mrs. Sprat’s son’s return. Dr. Foster had slipped it into his pocket just before he set off for Gloster. There was nothing else to tell Tom who the little girl was, and as he never read the newspapers, never paid any visits, and almost never went to town, he did not know that a child had been lost.

He tried to find out what her name was when she awoke, but she was busy playing with the faded daffodils which had fallen from her sash, and when Tommy asked her name, she smiled and said :

“ Daffy-Down-Dilly.”

So Tommy Tittlemouse called her Daffy-Down-Dilly, and she lived there with him in the little house from that day. Tom was very kind to her, and soon grew to love her so well that he did not want her to leave him, so he never tried to find out who she was.

Daffy-Down-Dilly became one of the sweetest and prettiest little girls



in all Far Away Land. She had no playmates, except the birds and squirrels and the flowers, which seemed to her just as much alive as the birds. Of them all she loved the daffodils best, and whenever Tommy Tittlemouse went to town to buy her a new frock, she always asked for one the color of the daffodils.

When she had grown to be nine years old, Tom began to think that it was very selfish of him to want to keep her always in the forest. He was growing old, and he knew she could not live alone in the little house if he were to die. He made up his mind that at last he would try to find out what the writing in the letters which he had found in the coat pockets meant, for he knew that they would surely tell him who the little girl's friends were. So he stopped a hunter in the forest one day and showed him one letter.

"Why," said the hunter, "that is a letter to the Queen. Where did you get it?"

Tom would not tell that, but he knew then that Daffy-Down-Dilly must belong to somebody who lived at court, and that he had done wrong in not trying to find out before who she was.

He went home and told Daffy-Down-Dilly that the time had come when she must go to the town and try to find her father and mother. He gave her the two letters which he had found in the coat, and a third letter which he had written himself. It was to the Queen, and told her the story of how he had found the child, and how he had cared for her and loved her ever since.

Daffy-Down-Dilly put on her petticoat of daffodil-yellow and her green gown, the color of the daffodil's stem, and set off with a woodsman, who was to take her as far as Gloster, and there put her into the coach which ran every day to the town where the King lived, for they did not have railways in Far Away Land in those days.

Daffy-Down-Dilly was a little frightened when she came to town, for it was the first town she had ever seen, so far as she could remember, and it seemed so big and noisy and crowded. She knew that she must go to the palace to see the Queen and give her the letters at once, so as soon as the coach stopped, she stepped out, and asked her way of some children who were playing in the street. They



told her just how to go to the palace, and one of them asked her her name.

“My name is Daffy-Down-Dilly,” she answered.

“What a strange name!” said they all, and almost before she was out of hearing, they had made a song about it, which they sang over and over as they played.

“Daffy-Down-Dilly has come up to town,  
In a gold petticoat and a green gown.”

Daffy-Down-Dilly had no trouble in finding the palace, and when she asked to see the Queen, the footmen told her that Queen Anne was in the garden sitting in the sun, for she was very fond of the sunlight and the open air.

Daffy-Down-Dilly saw her sitting there with all her ladies, and Queen Anne’s face was so kind that she was not at all afraid to go up to her and give her the three letters.

The Queen took them, and opened the first one. She read it through, and then opened the second. She had read only half a page of that when she cried:

“Why, this seems almost too good to be true! Run, somebody, and fetch Dr. Foster at once. This is his long-lost daughter come back again.”

And almost before Daffy-Down-Dilly, or Florabel, for that was her real name, knew what was happening, Dr. Foster had come running up, had looked into her face, and with a great cry of joy had taken her in his arms as if he meant never to let her go again.

How happy Dr. Foster and his wife were to have back again the daughter they had mourned so long as lost, only the people in Far Away Land can tell. Dr. Foster sent for Tommy Tittlemouse, and gave him a comfortable home for all the rest of his life, where he could be near Florabel, whom he called Daffy-Down-Dilly to the last day he lived.

It was Tommy Tittlemouse who made the song they sing in Far Away Land about Florabel’s visit to the Queen, and this is how they sing it:

“Queen Anne, Queen Anne, she sits in the sun,  
As fair as a lily, as brown as a bun;  
I bring you three letters, and pray you read one.”



**A** GREAT many years ago, in the time which is known as the Days of Chivalry, there lived a King in Far Away Land who was called William the Good. There is nothing about him in any of the histories, for the grown-up people have forgotten him, and only the children speak of him when they play a game and sing a song which begins :

“ King William was King James’s son,  
And from a royal race he sprung ;  
Upon his breast he wore a star  
Which points away to the ocean far.”

King William was the kindest and bravest gentleman in all the land, and the fathers and mothers far and near wanted so much to have their sons grow up to be like him, that many of them sent their boys to live at his court.

Among the boys who lived at the palace, there was one, however, who had no father nor mother. His name was Tom Stout, and he had come to live in the King's castle when he was only seven years old. At first he was called a page, and served the Queen and her ladies, running errands, waiting at table, singing songs, and learning to be polite, gentle and obedient.

When he was fourteen years old the King made him a squire, and from that time forth it was his duty to serve the knights, learning all the things a true knight needs to know—to be fearless, to speak the truth, to defend the right, to be kind to the weak, and to protect the helpless.

There were many squires at King William's Court when Tom first went there, but one after another they rode forth from the castle gates and performed such noble deeds that the King made them knights and gave them the golden spurs and white mantle of knighthood.

At last there were no squires left but Tom and another who was named Alberic. Alberic was a very proud and haughty boy, who was always boasting of the mighty deeds he meant to do when the King should send him out to prove himself worthy to be a knight—the fierce dragons he was to slay, the lovely maidens he was to rescue from





all manner of dangers, and the robbers he was to capture. He was always saying that he meant to be the King's favorite and bravest knight, and to sit always at his right hand. Tom always listened to what Alberic had to say, for he was a very polite boy, but he never spoke of what he meant to do,



though he said to himself that he would be content if only he might be the King's lowliest knight, for there was not one among all the knights who was not brave and honest and true.

One day, King William called Tom and Alberic to him :

“To-morrow, my squires,” said he, “you shall ride forth on your quest to do worthy deeds. At sunrise take horse at the castle gates and set out along the highway. There shall you find noble deeds and plenty. At sunset, ride back, and I, with my knights, shall judge whether you have proved yourselves worthy the golden spurs and the white mantle.”

So next morning, just as the sun was peeping over the eastern hills, Tom and Alberic rode forth from the castle gates on their quest. Alberic was richly dressed in crimson silk, and his bridle was bound with a golden cord. His horse was a fine charger, that danced and pranced along the way. Tom wore only his old suit of gray homespun, which was all he had, for he was very poor. His horse was only a little gray pony, but so well had he fed it, and so carefully had he groomed it, that its coat shone like satin, and it trotted almost as fast as Alberic’s charger. His bridle was old and worn, but he had really no need of a bridle at all, for his pony knew his voice, and loved him so well that it trotted, or galloped, or stood still just as he bade it.

“Why do you ride that little pony?” asked Alberic, as they rode along. “You will have no chance with him to do noble deeds. I shall always spur ahead on my fine charger, and I shall have finished what there is to do before you come up. Oho, I shall do great deeds for the King to-day! Why did you not borrow a better horse to ride forth on? The King’s hostler would have loaned you a charger if you had given him that pony to hire to the ladies.”

“I would not ride any horse but my own to-day,” answered Tom, “and I shall never hire my pony to any one. Once I loaned him to a lady and she was not kind to him. So, since then I care for him myself, and if there are great deeds for me to do, I am sure I shall do as well on my dear pony as on any horse in the King’s stable.”

And Tom began to sing a song he had made :

“I had a little pony,  
His name was Dapple-Gray;  
I lent him to a lady,  
To ride a mile away.  
She whipped him, she lashed him,  
She rode him through the mire;  
I would not lend my pony now,  
For all the ladies’ hire.”

“Hark!” said he, when he had finished his song. “What sound is that?” And he stopped Dapple-Gray to listen.

“Oh! that is only some bird in distress crying over there in the thicket,” answered Alberic. “Come, let us ride on. I, at least, have great deeds to do, and must spur on, for I have no time to waste.”

But the poor bird cried so bitterly that Tom could not bear to ride away without trying to help it, so he sprang from his saddle and pushed his way into the thicket. There he saw a little bird which had caught its foot in a snare and could not free itself. Tom knelt down and unfastened the cruel trap so carefully that the little bird’s foot was scarcely bruised, and it flew away, singing merrily.

Alberic was almost out of sight along the dusty highway when Tom mounted Dapple-Gray again, but Tom put his pony to a gallop and soon overtook him.

They rode on together for some time, Alberic still talking of the great deeds he would do before sunset, till a little girl ran out in the road, ringing a bell to attract their attention, and with sobs and tears begged them to come and save her grandmother’s cat, which her naughty brother had thrown into the well. Alberic laughed, and putting spurs to his charger rode on, calling back over his shoulder that he had no time to waste on useless cats, for there were dragons for him to slay, and robbers for him to capture, and mighty deeds for him to do in the King’s name.

“You’ll never be a knight if you waste your time like that,” said he.

Tom wanted to do great deeds just as much as Alberic did, but he was too kind-hearted to let even a cat suffer, so he turned Dapple-Gray into a lane, and rode as fast as he could in the direction the little girl pointed out to him. At the end of the lane he came to a farmyard, where several frightened-looking girls and boys stood about a well. Tom looked in and saw, down in the water, a poor cat swimming about wildly and crying most piteously. He knew that in a little while the cold water would chill her so that she could swim no longer, and as there was no way for her to climb out, she must drown unless help came.

Quickly he seized the well-rope, and, wrapping it about one leg so that he should not slip down too fast, he slid down into the narrow well and managed to pick up the poor, frightened cat, though he was wet to the skin in doing so. Then he climbed up the rope, and after giving Dapple-Gray a

drink, he rode away, wet as he was, for he said to himself that half the morning was gone already and he had not done one great deed yet, so that he had no time to stay to dry his clothes.

As he rode along, the children ran after him as far as they could, and,

before he was out of hearing, they had made a song and were singing it, for in Far Away Land even the children can make songs—and that, too, very quickly. This is what they sang :

“Ding, dong, bell!  
Pussy’s in the well.  
Who put her in?  
Little Johnny Green.  
Who pulled her out?  
Big Tom Stout.  
Oh! what a naughty boy was that,  
To drown his grandma’s pussy-cat!  
Who never did him any harm,  
But caught the rats in grandpa’s barn.”



Alberic was nowhere to be seen when Tom reached the highway, and Tom thought it too hot to gallop Dapple-Gray, so he rode along slowly, his eyes wide open and his ears

alert, for he wanted very much to meet with a chance to do a great deed in the name of the King.

He had not gone very far when he saw a great rough beam lying in the roadway. Cruel nails stood out from it, and Tom knew that if one of them should pierce a horse’s foot, the poor horse would be lame for many a day. Dapple-Gray’s bright eyes saw the beam, and Dapple-Gray leaped over it, but Tom thought of the harm the nails might do to some horse whose eyes were not so sharp, and he said to himself that he must lift the beam out of the way. He sighed as he saw how high the

sun was, and thought how much of the day was gone, and still no noble deed done, but he set bravely to work to lift the heavy beam. He was a long while about it, but at last he managed to push it into the ditch beside the road, where it could do no harm. Then, covered with dust, which stuck fast to his wet clothing, he mounted Dapple-Gray and jogged on once more.

The sun was now so high that his shadow fell straight to the north, and by that he knew that it was noon.

"Half the day gone," said he, "and I have done nothing worthy of a King's knight."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when he was forced to dismount again, for there by the side of the road sat a little girl, and she was crying bitterly. When Tom asked her what the trouble was, she answered that she had been to the village on an errand for her mother, and that on her way home she had tried to shorten her walk by going through the woods, where she had lost her way.

"I am too tired to walk any farther," she said, "and I know my mother must already be much frightened because I have not come home. I do not know what to do."

"I will take you to your home, my little lady," said Tom, and lifting her in his strong arms he set her on Dapple-Gray's back. The little pony stood very quietly until she was seated firmly



in the saddle, and then he walked on so gently and so carefully that the little girl laughed and clapped her hands with delight. Tom led him by the bridle, and together they walked through the forest and back to the village, where the little girl was able to point out the way to her home. He set her down at her door, and without waiting to receive the thanks of her grateful mother, mounted his faithful pony and cantered back to the dusty highway.

The afternoon was now half gone, and still Tom had met with neither dragons nor robbers. He felt that he had done nothing to deserve the King's praise, but he hoped still for a chance to prove himself worthy knighthood.

Once more he stopped, and this time to let Dapple-Gray nibble a little of the fresh grass which grew at the edge of the highway, for he could not think of letting his pony go hungry, even if he never became a knight.

As Dapple-Gray grazed, Tom noticed that some one had thrown sticks and stones into a little brook just above a little bridge under which the water ran. He saw that the sticks and stones had dammed up the stream so that it could not pass through them, and that it was forming a pool which grew wider and deeper every moment. He knew that it would go on growing deeper and wider, till at last it would sweep sticks and stones away—with them the bridge, too—so that the highway would be ruined, and people passing that way by night would be in danger of falling into the stream.

There was no one to help him, but he was young and strong, and before very long he had cleared the stream, and the deep pool had vanished.

When he mounted his pony again he saw that the sun was low in the west, and that he could not hope to do any great deed that day. He sighed, but he was of a merry heart, and soon he was singing as he rode.

"I could not be happy even as the King's knight," he said to himself, "if I had let the little bird suffer, or the cat drown, or the child cry, and surely it was no waste of time to clear the King's highway of dangers, so, though I may not be a knight, I am not sorry for the way in which I have spent the day.

So he rode along, singing cheerily, till, rounding a bend in the road, he came upon Alberic, standing in the highway and trying with kicks and blows to make his charger, which lay in the dust, rise again to its feet. Tom sprang down and ran to him.

"Do not beat the poor horse!" he cried. "What is the matter? He seems worn out. Have you watered him and fed him to-day?"



THE KING TOUCHED HIM LIGHTLY WITH THE SWORD

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ASTOR LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS  
L



“Of course I have not,” said Alberic angrily. “I had no time to waste in tending a horse. I had noble deeds to do, not horses to care for. I have slain a dreadful dragon, and now, because this lazy horse will go no



farther, I cannot reach the castle before sunset to tell the King what I have done, so I shall lose my knighthood.”

So saying, he began to beat the horse again, but Tom made him stand aside. Then, stooping down, Tom spoke kindly to the horse, and pulling gently at its bridle coaxed the poor tired creature to rise. He led it to a

spring near at hand and let it drink of the cool, fresh water while he gathered a hatful of grass. When the tired horse had drunk the water and had eaten the grass it seemed to feel much better, and rubbed its nose gratefully against Tom's shoulder.

"You cannot ride your charger again to-day," said Tom to Alberic. "You must walk to the castle."

"Walk!" cried Alberic. "Why, I should be all covered with dust if I were to walk, and a fine figure I should cut then. The horse must carry me, I say, or I shall beat him."

"He cannot carry you," said Tom, "but you need not walk, after all. I have slain no dragon, and I have no great deed to tell the King, so it will not matter if I am late. I will walk, and lead your horse, and you may ride Dapple-Gray, but you must take off your spurs and throw away your whip, for my pony must be treated kindly."

Alberic promised to ride slowly, and off he set at once. Tom followed, leading the tired charger, and growing more and more dusty at every step.

The rim of the sun was just touching the trees on the western hills when he came in sight of the castle. He heard the bugles blow, and he saw the castle gates swing open. Out rode the King and all his court, in their finest dress, glittering with silver and gold, as if they were riding to meet a great noble, or a mighty king.

"They are coming to meet Alberic," thought Tom, "for he has slain a dragon. Well, at least Dapple-Gray shall bear a knight on his back once in his life."

But the King dismissed Alberic with a wave of his hand, and rode on, Tom saw him coming, and took off his cap.

"What have you done to-day, my squire?" called the King.

"Only little things, Your Majesty," answered Tom sadly. "I have done no great deeds at all."

The King leaped down from his horse and drew his gleaming sword.

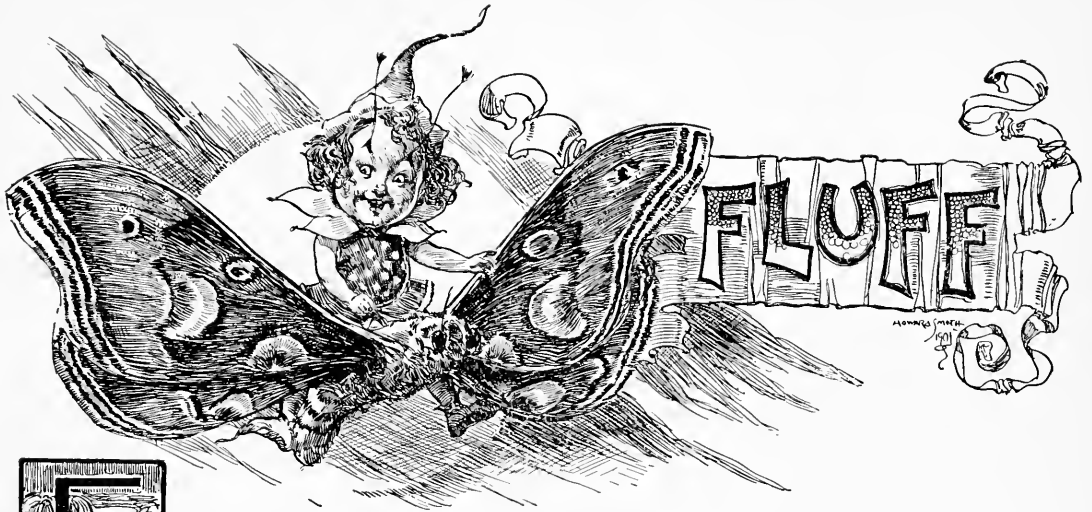
"Hail to the White Knight!" called the heralds.

Tom looked all about him, but saw no knight. Then his eyes fell on his old gray garments, and he saw that as the sun shone on them the thick dust which covered them gleamed white in the light, and he stood there, clad in a mantle as snowy as the King's very own. Wondering, he sank on one knee. The King touched him lightly on the shoulder with his sword.

“You shall be first among my knights hereafter,” said he, “for you have this day done brave deeds indeed. You have given help to the helpless, and you have saved the King’s highway. These things have you done, not for your own sake, that you might win my favor, but for the sake of others. He who does the little act of kindness which lies near at hand is greater far than he who rides far away to seek mighty deeds to do. Rise, Sir Knight—my white knight of the kindly heart—for the mantle and spurs of knighthood are yours.”

And as Tom entered the castle gates at the King’s right hand, the bugles played the merriest tune they knew, for the bravest and gentlest of all the King’s knights had come back from his quest, victorious.





FLUFF was a little boy fairy who lived with his father and mother in a beautiful white water-lily which grew in a pond in Far Away Land. His father's work was to take care of the lilies, to keep their petals white and clean, to wash the dust off their broad green leaves, and when their time of blooming was done, to push the faded flowers down under the water, so that the water-fairies might take them and make them over into new flowers and leaves.

Fluff was too little to work much, so he played nearly all the while. Sometimes he would run races on a big round lily-leaf with the little water-beetles. Sometimes he would climb on the dragon-fly's back and go for a ride, and sometimes he would swing for hours at a time in his swing made of cobwebs. He was not a bad little boy, but he did not always obey his mother. He did not mean to be naughty, but sometimes he thought he knew better than his mother did, and that was very foolish of him, because if little boys could know better than mothers they would not need mothers at all, and would grow on trees and bushes like apples and currants.

Now, the last thing the sun does every evening just before he goes to bed is to close the water-lilies, and when the lilies are closed they cannot be opened till the sun comes in the morning to tell them to unfold. Fluff's mother told him every day when he went out to play that he must be sure to come home before the sun went down, for if he stayed till it grew dark, he would find the lily closed, and he could not get in all night. Fluff did

not like to come home so early, for he knew that the crickets and the frogs and the katydids stayed out doors long after the sun went down, for he often heard them chirping and croaking as he lay in his little yellow bed in the lily.

One day he rode far, far away from home on the back of a beautiful red butterfly, and played with little grasshoppers in a clover-field.

“I think I will stay till it grows dark,” he said to himself, for it was one of the times when he thought he knew better than his mother did. “I do not believe that the lily will be closed when I get home. And even if it is, I am strong enough to open it,” for you see that, like many other little boys, he thought he was a great deal stronger than he really was.

So he played till the sun went down and all the little grasshoppers went home to bed. He saw the fire-flies begin to light their lanterns, and fly here and there all over the meadow to see that the clover-leaves were folded, for unless the clover folds its leaves, it will not grow tall and strong, just as little boys cannot grow to be big men unless they close their eyes early and sleep all night long. Fluff began to be sleepy, and oh, how he wished he were at home with his mother! He could not find the butterfly to carry him home, and he did not know what to do. By and by he saw a lady-bug hurrying by as fast as she could go.

“O Lady-bug!” he said. “Won’t you please take me home to the lily-pond?”

“I can’t,” answered the lady-bug, without stopping. “I have just heard dreadful news about my children, and I must go home as fast as I can. A little while ago I met a little boy who told me about it. He said to me :

“‘Lady-bug, Lady-bug, fly away home.  
Your house is on fire, and your children will burn.’

I cannot stop a minute.”

Poor Fluff sat down on a nicely folded clover-leaf and felt very much like crying. He was wondering how he could ever manage to get home again, when he saw a bee flying past.

“O Bee!” he cried. “Please take me home to the lily-pond.”

“I can’t,” answered the bee. “I have a heavy load of honey to carry to the hive, and I cannot carry you. I am in a great hurry, for I am late as it is.”

The bee flew on and Fluff was very lonely. He sat on the clover-leaf

and he was the unhappiest little boy in all Far Away Land. He was not afraid of the dark, for the dark is no more to be afraid of than the light, and there are many beautiful things to be seen by night that cannot be seen in the day; but he wanted his mother, and he was sorry he had disobeyed her, for he knew she would be unhappy because of it. After what seemed a long while to him he saw a bat. The bat was flying very slowly and talking to himself as he flew as if he were very angry. Fluff was almost afraid to speak to him, but he did so want to go home, and he did not know at all which way to go.



“O Bat!” he said.  
“Please take me home  
to the lily-pond.”

“Do not speak to me,” said the bat angrily. “I do not like boys, and I shall never do anything for any of them again. I met a little boy just a little while ago. He said to me :

“ ‘ Bat, Bat, come under my hat,  
I’ll give you a slice of bacon;  
And when I bake, I’ll give you a cake,  
If I am not mistaken.’ ”

“I went under his hat, but he did not give me anything at all. He tried to catch me so that he might put me in a cage, but I flew away. I do not like boys, so do not speak to me.”

The bat flew away, and poor little Fluff began to cry as if his heart would break. It grew darker and darker, and after a very long while he heard a soft voice say :

“Fluff! Fluff!”

He looked all around, but he could not see anything.

“Who are you?” he cried. “And where are you?”

The soft voice laughed.

“You must guess that,” he said. “I shall tell you a riddle about myself, and when you have guessed it, you will know where to look to find me :

“‘ I have a little sister, her name is “Peep, Peep,”  
She wades in the rivers, deep, deep, deep.  
She climbs up the mountains, high, high, high,  
But my poor little sister has but one eye.’ ”

“Oh, I know!” he cried. “You are a star.”

Then he looked up into the sky, and there was the little star, twinkling and laughing at him.

“O Star!” he cried. “Please take me home to the lily-pond.”

“I cannot carry you,” answered the star, “but I will shine my very brightest, and show you the way. You will have to go as the dog went to Dover.”

“How was that?” asked Fluff.

“Why,” said the star, “you’ll have to go :

“‘ Leg over leg, as the dog went to Dover;  
When he came to a stile, jump, he went over.’ ”

“That means that you will have to walk every step of the way, and that will be little enough punishment for disobeying your mother. You must start now, and so long as you see me over your right shoulder, you may know that you are going in the right direction.”

Fluff was very tired and sleepy, but he wanted to go home so much that he was willing to walk as far as his legs could carry him. He set off bravely, and the little star shone as brightly as could be over his shoulder, and showed him the way.

It was a long way to the lily-pond, and when he came to the edge of the water, the lilies were all fast shut, as his mother had told him they would be. Fluff began to cry again when he saw this, for he could not bear to think of being away from his mother all the night. He called to her as loud as he could, but nobody answered, except an old frog who was sitting on a log, singing to himself.

"Dear me!" said the frog, "what is the matter? You make so much noise I cannot hear myself sing."

"I want to go out there to the lily, where I live," answered Fluff, "and I cannot get across the water."



The old frog had a very gruff voice, but his heart was kind.

"Climb on my back," he said, "and I will swim out there and take you."

So Fluff climbed up on his back and away they went. Fluff called to his mother all the way, but she did not answer. When he came to the lily he tried hard to open it, but he could not, for nothing but the sun can make



the lily's petals unfold. He sat down on the edge of the big round leaf and the frog swam away.

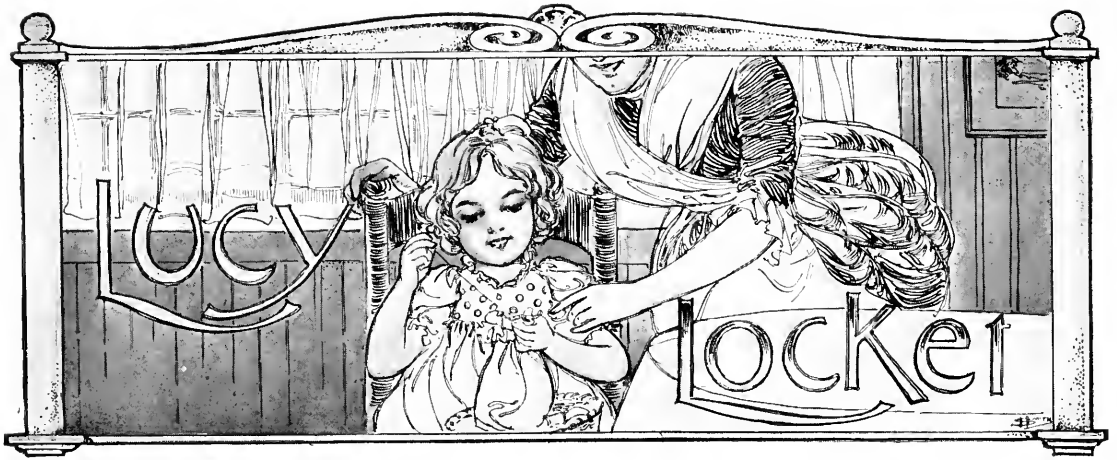
Fluff thought he would have to stay there all night alone, but the frog was scarcely out of sight before he heard his mother calling to him. At first he did not know where to look for her, but by and by he saw her. She was sailing along the pond in a little green boat made of a pea-pod. His father was rowing the boat.

"O Fluff, dear!" said his mother, "I have been looking for you everywhere. Where have you been? I could not go into the lily and leave my little boy out here all alone. We cannot get into the lily to-night, but come into the boat and father will find us a place to sleep."

Fluff climbed into the boat and his mother took him in her arms and kissed him, and he told her how sorry he was that he had been so naughty. But being sorry did not open the lily, so Fluff's father rowed them to the shore and made them a bed on a big burdock leaf, with a warm blanket made from a mullein leaf for their cover.

There they slept till the sun opened the lily in the morning. Fluff did not disobey his mother again, for he was sorry to think that just because he had been naughty his dear father and mother had been obliged to stay away from their beautiful home all night, and he loved them too well to make them do that ever again.





**N**OT far from the town in which King Cole's palace stood, was a pleasant farm-house, wherein lived Farmer Fisher, with his wife and their three daughters, Amanda, Kitty, and Lucy.

Amanda, or as everybody called her, "Mandy," was the eldest, and could churn, and bake, and sew, and do many other useful things about the house. Kitty was the second daughter, and she, too, was of great help to the mother. Lucy was the youngest of all, and she was so fond of romping and playing out in the fields, where the sun shone so bright and warm, that she spent almost all the day out of doors, and Mrs. Fisher used sometimes to fear that she would never learn to be a neat and useful housewife as each of her sisters was.

When Lucy was six years old, however, she came to her mother one day and said she wanted to learn to sew.

"I want to make a pocket," she said, "so that I shall have something in which to carry the pretty pebbles I find, and the bright pennies father gives me sometimes when I help him feed the chickens."

So Mrs. Fisher cut a piece of blue silk into a long strip, and, doubling it, showed Lucy how to sew it neatly up both sides, till she had made it into a little bag. When Lucy had done this, she turned down a hem at the top, as her mother told her to do, and hemmed it all around very carefully, with the smallest stitches she could make. Then she took her mother's tape-needle and ran a ribbon through the hem to draw the bag together at the top, and the pocket was finished.

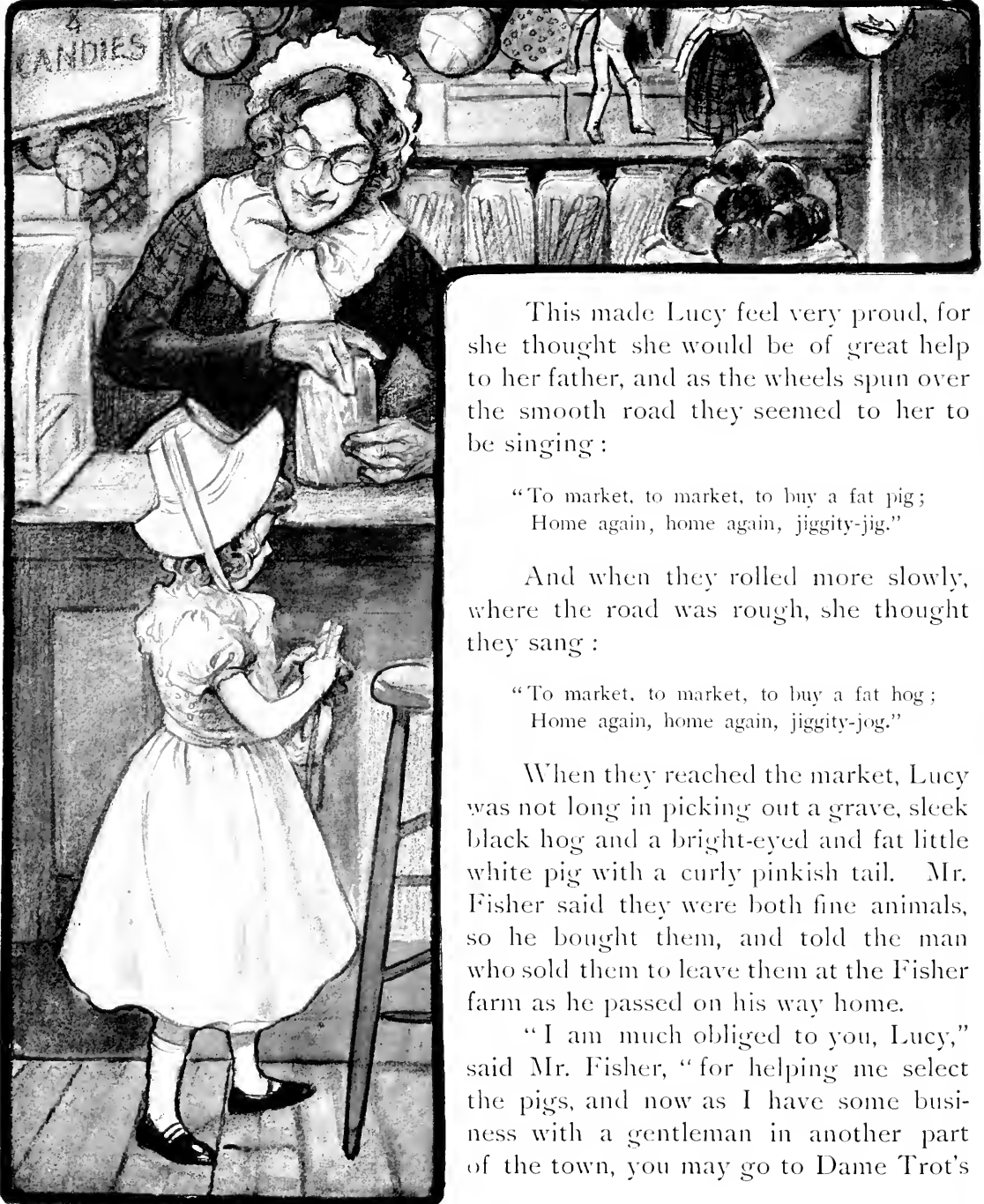
When Mr. Fisher came home that evening, he was so pleased to see how neatly his little daughter had made the pocket—and it had taken the little girl nearly all the morning to do it—that he gave her a small silver locket which he wore on his watch chain. The locket had a picture of Mrs. Fisher in it, and Lucy was so delighted with it, that she danced about, clapping her hands for joy, till 'Mandy said that she ought to be called Lucy Locket instead of Lucy Fisher. Then all the family began to call her Lucy Locket, and by and by all her playmates and the neighbors took up the nickname, till Lucy at last almost forgot that her real name was Lucy Fisher.

One beautiful morning in May, Mr. Fisher said at breakfast that he would be going to town that day and that Lucy might go with him. So when Lucy had fed the fowls with bits of boiled egg and scraps of corn bread for the tiny ones, and handfuls of corn for the older ones, she ran into the house and dressed herself in a clean gingham frock and a neat white sunbonnet.

By this time Mr. Fisher was ready to set off to the town, and Lucy felt very happy indeed as her father lifted her to the seat of the farm wagon and sprang up beside her. She was carrying carefully her pretty blue pocket, in which were five bright pennies which her mother had given her to spend just as she pleased in the town

“Now, Lucy,” said her father, as they drove along, “I am going to buy a pig and a hog in the market, and you shall help me to choose them.”





This made Lucy feel very proud, for she thought she would be of great help to her father, and as the wheels spun over the smooth road they seemed to her to be singing :

“To market, to market, to buy a fat pig ;  
Home again, home again, jiggity-jig.”

And when they rolled more slowly, where the road was rough, she thought they sang :

“To market, to market, to buy a fat hog ;  
Home again, home again, jiggity-jog.”

When they reached the market, Lucy was not long in picking out a grave, sleek black hog and a bright-eyed and fat little white pig with a curly pinkish tail. Mr. Fisher said they were both fine animals, so he bought them, and told the man who sold them to leave them at the Fisher farm as he passed on his way home.

“I am much obliged to you, Lucy,” said Mr. Fisher, “for helping me select the pigs, and now as I have some business with a gentleman in another part of the town, you may go to Dame Trot’s

shop, over there, next the shop which has the striped barber pole in front of it, and when I have finished my business I will call for you there."

Lucy skipped off to Dame Trot's as gaily as could be. She had already decided to buy a stick of candy for each of her sisters, and one for herself, with three of her new pennies, and she knew that Dame Trot would have something pretty that she might choose and buy with the other two pennies to take home to her mother and father. So, as she danced along, she made a little song, for she lived in Far Away Land, where everybody sings. She could not fit Kitty's name into her verse, so she pretended that her sister was with her, and said "You" instead, singing:

"Hippity-hop, to the barber's shop,  
To buy a stick of candy.  
One for you, and one for me,  
And one for Sister 'Mandy."

She had bought the candy, and was looking about the shop to find something to buy for her father and mother, when she heard a great noise in the street and ran out to see what caused it. The street was crowded with people cheering and crying, "Long live the King!" "Long live the Queen!" as King Cole, with Queen Anne beside him, and the little Princess Bo-Peep, rode by in a magnificent gilt carriage drawn by six white horses.

Lucy was wondering where they could be going, when she saw standing near her Dame Trot's boy, named Simon, whom she knew. Simon was not a very clever boy, but he was good and kind, and because it was so easy to play jokes on him everybody called him "Simple Simon."

"O Simon!" cried Lucy. "Where are the King and Queen going?"

"They are going to the fair at Banbury Cross Roads," answered Simon. "Don't you want to go? There will be wonderful things to see there, and a fine lady is to ride on a beautiful horse."

Lucy became so excited that she forgot that her father had told her to wait for him at Dame Trot's shop.

"O yes," she said, delighted, "I should like ever so much to go, but it is too far to walk, and we have no way to ride."

"That's easily managed," said Simon. "We'll find some cock-horses."

Then he picked up two long laths which workmen had left lying beside Dame Trot's shop, and tying a cord about the end of each of them to make

what he said were bridles, he began to prance astride one stick and to call it his horse. Lucy took the other stick, and Simon told her she must hold very tight to the bridle, or her horse would run too fast.

“Now, we must be off,” he said, “and we’ll be there in no time.”

Off they ran, dancing and prancing along the dusty road, and never once remembering that it was their own legs that carried them.

“Oh, we shall see many beautiful things at the fair!” said Simon, and he began to sing as they ran along :

“ Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,  
To see a fine lady ride on a white horse.  
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes;  
She shall have music wherever she goes.”

It was not long till they came to a field where a great many tents and booths had been set up, and beside the road a baker had just drawn up his wagon, and was laying out cakes and pies on a table, covered with a clean white cloth.

Lucy and Simon were very hungry by this time, and Simon went up to the baker and asked :

“ Won’t you please let me taste your pies ? ”

“ If you have a penny to pay for it, you shall have one,” the baker replied.

“ I have no penny,” said Simon, and looked greatly disappointed.

Lucy remembered the two new pennies in her pocket.

“ I have two pennies,” said she, “ so Simon can have a pie, and I can have one, too.”

No sooner had she paid her pennies to the baker, than she thought of how she had meant to buy something for her father and mother with them, and then she remembered that she had disobeyed her father, for he had told her to stay at Dame Trot’s shop till he came for her.

It was quite late in the afternoon, but she thought that by hurrying she could reach home before dark. So scarcely waiting to say good-by to Simon, she hurried off. She did not go by the road which led back to the town, but chose another road which she thought would be the shorter way.

Home was a long way off, and Lucy was a very little girl to run so far. Before she had gone a mile the sun went down, and it began to grow dark. She heard the birds twitter as they settled themselves to sleep in their snug



OFF THEY RAN, DANCING AND PRANCING

little nests, and at every farm-yard she passed the mother hens were taking their children to roost. By and by the frogs began to sing, or at least Lucy always called their croaking singing, for she knew that they would feel much disappointed if they knew Far Away Land folk didn't think they had fine voices. Then a bird began to cry out, far away, "Whip-poor-Will!" "Whip-poor-Will!" and Lucy thought he was a very cruel bird, indeed, to want poor Will whipped, for in Far Away Land, where parents are very wise, children are almost never whipped. Presently the katydids began to dispute, and Lucy felt at first greatly ashamed, for she was afraid they would begin to tell about Lucy, instead of saying, over and over: "Katy-did! Katy-didn't! Katy-did! She did! She didn't! She did!"

She wondered what Katy really had done, as she went on and on, and it grew darker and darker. She knew her father and mother would not know where she was, and she began to fear that for the first time in her life she would be obliged to go to sleep without kissing them good-night. This seemed to the lonely little girl a very dreadful thing indeed, and she could not keep back the tears when it grew so dark that she could see the way no longer. She did not know what to do, and when her tears began to come faster and faster, she turned into a lane, which seemed in the darkness like a lane near her home, and sat down on the soft grass, the saddest little girl in all Far Away Land.

Now Mr. Fisher had been obliged to stay with the gentleman with whom he had business, a great deal longer than he had expected. When he came to Dame Trot's shop the door was locked and Lucy was nowhere to be seen. Her father thought that some of his neighbors, for there were many of them in the town that day, had taken her home, so he drove home quickly expecting to find Lucy there. Lucy was not there. He drove to the houses of his neighbors round about, but Lucy was in none of them, and nobody had seen her.

Everybody said Lucy was lost, so the only thing to be done was to set off at once to find her. One neighbor went to the town at once to leave word at the police-station that a little girl had been lost, so that if Lucy should be brought there she might be sent home, for when children are found they are always taken to the police-station, in Far Away Land, and there their parents come to find them. Another neighbor rode off into the woods. Another drove to the nearest village, for they thought that perhaps Lucy had not



been near enough to the town where the King's palace stood to have been found and taken there. Soon all the country-side was aroused and searching for the lost Lucy Locket for miles about.

Mr. Fisher drove away in his farm wagon to join in the search, and Kitty begged so hard to be allowed to go with him, that her father let her sit on the seat beside him, and hold the lantern.

On and on they went, and still no trace of Lucy. Mr. Fisher was beginning to fear that she would not be found that night, and his heart ached at thought of her so far from home, when suddenly Kitty lifted the lantern and cried :

“O Father, I see something over there just at the turn of the lane! It looks like Lucy's pocket.”

Mr. Fisher sprang down and there, to be sure, was Lucy's pocket, lying just a few feet beyond the beginning of the lane. They knew then that Lucy must have gone that way, and Mr. Fisher turned to drive down the lane.

He had driven but a little way when he heard a wagon with a light driving toward him, and as it came nearer he could hear a man in it singing :

“Simple Simon met a pie-man  
Going to the fair.  
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man,  
‘Let me taste your ware.’  
“Said the pie-man to Simple Simon :  
‘Show me first your penny.’  
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man,  
‘Indeed, I haven't any.’”



The last words were scarcely out of his mouth when Mr. Fisher saw a little girl sitting beside the singer, and the little girl no sooner caught sight of Mr. Fisher than she sprang down from her seat and ran to him.

“O Father! Father!” she cried.

For it was Lucy Locket, and before the baker had half finished telling how he had found her asleep in the lane, and how he was on his way to take her to the police-station, where her father might find her, she had climbed into her father’s wagon, and was holding him so tightly with her little arms, that it seemed as if she never meant to let him go again.

You may know what joy there was at the Fisher farm when Lucy was brought home, and you may know, too, what a lesson her day’s experience was to her never to disobey her father again.

To this day in Far Away Land they sing a song the pie-man made about it, and this is the way they sing it :

“Lucy Locket lost her pocket.  
Kitty Fisher found it.  
There was not a penny in it,  
But a ribbon round it.”





**T**HERE was once a summer in Far Away Land, when for a long time no rain fell, so that the flowers began to droop in the gardens, and the leaves to wither on the trees. Some of the meadows near the cottage where Bessie Bell lived were almost as brown as if it were autumn instead of summer; but one afternoon, as she was walking in the fields with her mother, she came to a place where some grass as green as it had been in May, grew in the form of a circle. It looked so fresh against the dry grass of the rest of the field, that Bessie cried out with delight at sight of it.

“O, Mother!” she cried. “Why is this grass so green, and why does it grow in a ring?”

“It is a fairy ring,” answered her mother. “Wise men call it by a different name, and have a different reason for it, but simple folk say it is where the fairies dance on moonlight nights, and that the touch of fairy feet keeps it always fresh and green.”

Bessie was very fond of hearing about the fairies, and all the way home she talked about the fairy ring, wishing over and over again that she might for once go to fairyland, and see for herself some of the things that her mother had read to her from books.

The sun was almost down when she reached home, and she ran to fill her little watering-pot to water the flowers in the garden, as she always did

after a hot, dry day. They looked to her so thirsty that she was quite sure they would enjoy a cool drink.

The hollyhock by the gate was very dusty indeed, and she washed off its leaves and climbed up on a garden seat to sprinkle the big, silky flowers, which were drooping a little with the heat. Then she went to the "bleeding hearts," and sprinkled them until they were covered with tiny raindrops. She watered the roses, too, and laughed to see a solemn-looking little toad, just the color of the earth, hop as fast as he could away from the falling water.

Beside the bed of striped "ribbon grass" she spent quite a long time, for the dust was very thick on the long, slender blades, and she knew they would be glad to be clean before they went to sleep for the night. She had to fill her watering-can many times before she finished her task, but when she had finished it there was not a flower in the garden that did not lift its head gratefully to drink in the water the little girl had sprinkled on it.

Bessie hung up her watering-pot on its nail in the woodshed, and, when she had eaten her supper of bread and milk, she kissed her father and mother good-night, folded her clothes neatly on a chair, and crept into bed.

It seemed to her that she had scarcely closed her eyes, when she heard a sweet little voice calling:

"Bessie Bell! Bessie Bell!"

She sat up in bed, and at first she could see nothing but the bright moon shining in at the window. Then she saw something which made her rub her eyes, for she could not believe that they saw aright. There, on the foot of her bed, stood a little fairy, lovelier than any she had ever seen in books, for its dress sparkled like snow, and, when it spoke, its voice was like the sound of a silver bell.

"Wake up, Bessie Bell," said the fairy. "Our Queen has sent me to bring you to her ball to-night."

Bessie scrambled out of bed as fast as she could. Then she remembered how large she was and how tiny the fairy was.

"O, I can't go to a fairy ball," she said, greatly disappointed. "I'm too big."

The fairy laughed a tinkling little laugh and waved her wand.

"Now, see how large you are," she said.

Bessie looked all around, and to her great surprise found that she was

now no larger than the fairy herself. But then another thought crossed her mind, and she was as downcast as before.

“O,” she said, “this is worse than before! I’m so small now that I can’t wear any of the clean frocks Mary, the laundress, ironed to-day, and I couldn’t go to a Queen’s party in a night-gown, could I?”



The fairy laughed again.

“No,” she said, “you couldn’t go in your night-gown, but some of your friends will lend you something to wear. Here’s one of them come to carry you on his back to the ball.”

Then Bessie saw beside her a beautiful brown and gold butterfly.

“Why,” said she, “that’s like the butterfly I begged Brother George not to catch when it flew into the garden yesterday.”

“It is the very same butterfly,” said the fairy, “and because you were

kind to him yesterday he'll be kind to you to-night. Climb on his back, and then we'll be off to see the friends who are to give you something to wear."

Bessie seated herself on the butterfly's back, which was covered with soft thick fur, and when she looked at his wings, she saw that they were covered with the most beautiful plumes. The fairy took a seat behind her, and out the window they flew, but Bessie could not imagine which of her friends could lend her a dress, for she knew that no little girl among all her playmates had even a doll's dress to fit her, tiny as she was now.

The butterfly flew straight to the hollyhock, and as they stopped there, she heard the fairy tell the hollyhock that little Bessie Bell was going to the Queen's ball.

"Well," said a voice which seemed to come from the tall stalk, "if that is true, she shall have the newest of my flowers to wear as the skirt of her dress, for she gave me a cool drink to-day when I was so thirsty, and I have not forgotten her kindness."

Then down fell a beautiful pink blossom, and when the fairy held it up, and helped Bessie put it on, Bessie saw that it was just long enough for a skirt for her, and that it flared out all about the lower edge, just like the fairy dresses she had seen in pictures.

"Here's a waist that I am sure will fit her, with a little pulling and stretching," she heard another voice say, and she saw that the "bleeding heart" was eagerly waving a stem on which grew many little flowers.

"It will match her skirt nicely, too," went on the voice, as one of the flowers fell to the ground, and when the fairy had made two holes in it for Bessie's arms, and had helped her to put it on, Bessie found that it made a very lovely bodice indeed, to wear with her hollyhock skirt.

"Here's a sash for her, too," cried another voice from the bed of ribbon grass. "It is the prettiest blade of grass I have, and this afternoon she washed off the dust, that made it look so dull and dingy."

The ribbon-grass sash was scarcely tied when a rose cried out :

"And here's one of my tiny crinkled leaves for a cap for her, and a little thorn to fasten it on. She's very welcome to them, for she waters me every day."

At last, with dress all complete, Bessie climbed to her seat on the butterfly's back again, and the butterfly was just flying out of the gate, when a voice, and this time so gruff a voice that even the fairy jumped, said :



ON THEY WENT, THE FIRE-FLY LIGHTING THE WAY

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ASTOR LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS  
1888



"She mustn't go without a warm cloak, for it may be chilly when she comes home. Here's one of my warmest leaves for her. It was she who asked the gardener to let me grow here, when he was just about to pull me up as a useless weed."

It was the mullein who spoke, dropping a warm, flannel-like leaf as he did so. Bessie wrapped it about her, and off they started again.

"Dear me! How long you were getting ready!" said a voice at her elbow. "Girls are always so slow. I have been waiting here ever so long, for I wanted to light you on your way to the ball, because you set me free when some naughty boys had caged me under a glass."

Bessie turned her head, and there at her elbow was a fire-fly.

"You'd never get to the ball at all if I didn't light you," he whispered to her, confidentially. "That butterfly can't see his way about as I can, though he won't admit it. If he wanted to be sure of his way, he'd carry a lantern as I do."

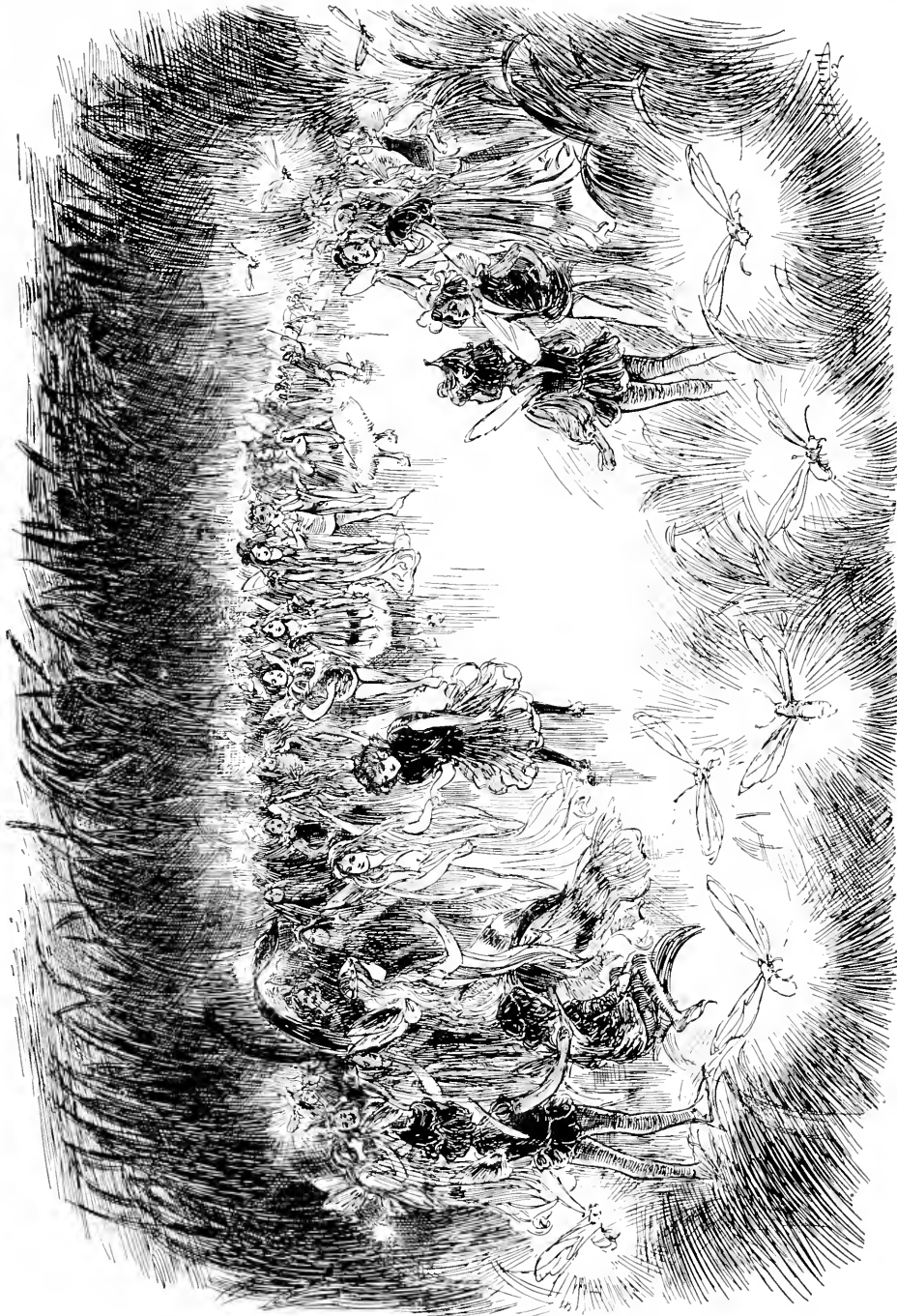
On and on they went, the fire-fly lighting the way, and the butterfly winging along as fast as ever he could, till almost before Bessie knew it they had come to the very same fairy ring she had seen that day with her mother. But it did not look at all as it had looked that afternoon. It was covered with a cob-web, just as Bessie had seen ball-room floors covered with canvas, and all around stood rows and rows of fire-flies, twinkling like so many lamps.

"Good-by," said the fire-fly friend. "I hope you'll enjoy yourself. I must go over and light the Queen, for the fire-fly beside her never half does his duty."

"I'm so sorry you are not going to dance," said Bessie. "Can't you spare a little time?"

"O, I don't dance," said the fire-fly, with dignity. "Dancing is for young people. I find it a great bore."

He hurried away to where the Queen sat on a long blade of grass. Bessie thought her the most beautiful little lady she had ever seen, for her hair was as yellow as golden-rod, and her dress was woven of the silk of milk-weed pods, and was so soft and silky it seemed as if a breath would blow it away. Her fairy friend led her up to the Queen. Bessie had never seen a Queen before, and did not know quite what to do, but she bowed as politely as she could. The Queen jumped down from her seat, and catching Bessie in both arms kissed her.



HER FAIRY FRIEND LED HER TO THE QUEEN

"I am so glad to see you, my dear," she said. "You have been so kind to my flowers. I hope you'll have the happiest time to-night you have ever had in all your life. I want you to dance every dance. Now"—and the Queen waved her wand—"let the music begin."

Bessie was so busy bowing to the fairies her fairy friend brought up to introduce to her, and saying she was glad to know them, that she did not see where the orchestra was, till it began to play a two-step. Then she saw a large grass-hopper, who was standing up and waving a short stick before the strangest orchestra she had ever seen in her life. In the very last row were two fiddler-crabs. Next them stood a row of katydids, and two or three crickets. At each end was a bumble-bee, and in the middle a number of mosquitoes. On the whole, it was a very fine orchestra indeed, though the fiddler-crab came in late with his notes now and then, and the mosquitoes had an annoying way of humming long after the time for humming had passed.

They played nothing but two-steps, and Bessie was very glad of that, for the two-step was all she had ever learned to dance, so when a green-fairy asked her to dance she whirled away with him, finding that dancing on the cob-web floor was a thousand times more pleasant than dancing in the dancing class had ever been.

They stopped beside her fire-fly friend for a moment, and Bessie bowed to him.

"Having a good time?" he asked, and then, without waiting for an answer, he went on: "I'm sure the floor isn't good, and how you can enjoy dancing when it's so warm, I can't see. The orchestra keeps such wretched time, too, and——"

But Bessie had danced away and did not hear what else he had to say.

"I didn't have time to put on my party clothes," said the green-fairy, "for I was busy at my work till it was time to come to the ball. I have to varnish the upper sides of the leaves, you know."

"Why don't you varnish both sides?" asked Bessie.

"Why," answered the fairy, "the mouths of the leaves are on the under side, and if I should varnish them the poor leaves wouldn't be able to breathe."

Her next partner was covered over with a brown dust, and told her that he had been busy all day powdering the long stamens of the tiger lilies.

"I know I'm almost too dusty to dance with," said her third partner, "but I couldn't get here till just this minute. I'm an earth-worm fairy."

"An earth-worm fairy!" exclaimed Bessie. "Why, what is that?"

"I have to see that the earth-worms do their duty, which is to dig about in the garden till the earth is soft, and the roots of the flowers can push it aside as they grow. They do great work, those worms."

Bessie's next partner was a dew-fairy.

"My hardest work is over, and it's because so many of us are soon to have a little holiday that the Queen has given this ball," said he. "It will rain very soon."

"Why, how do you know that?" asked Bessie.

"The wind tells us," was the dew-fairy's answer, "and if you had noticed this afternoon, you would have seen that the maple tree had turned the under side of its leaves up. That is almost always a sign that the wind has promised rain."

Bessie danced with fairies of nearly every color, and each of them had something to tell her of his work. She had never danced so much in all her

life before, and she was beginning to feel very warm and tired, when the fairy who had brought her to the ball came up to her and said:

"It's very late. Haven't they called your carriage yet? See, the Queen is leaving."

"Carriage?" began Bessie. "Why, I didn't come in a carriage!" and then she heard voices outside the ring calling:

"Her Majesty's moth waits!"  
 "Mistress Fay's butterfly waits!"  
 "Bessie Bell's butterfly——"

"O," she said, "I must go. My butterfly is waiting to take me home."

So, wrapping her mullein leaf around her, she said good-by to her fairy friends, and ran outside the ring as fast as she could. The



fire-fly lights were dying out, and the orchestra was playing "Home, Sweet Home." The Queen hurried by her, only stopping to nod and smile, and say good-night. Bessie took her seat on the butterfly, and away he flew.

The orchestra played "Home, Sweet Home" louder than ever, till it began to sound to Bessie like a bell. Louder and louder it rang, till suddenly Bessie gave a little jump and sat up. There she was in her own little bed at home, and the rising bell was ringing. Everything about the room was just as it had always been, and she was as large as she had been before the fairy came

She sprang out of bed and ran to the window. Raindrops were softly splashing against the pane, and as she looked out into the garden the rain-wet flowers nodded their heads in such a friendly way to her, that she never afterward could believe that the fairy ball had been only a dream.





**A**MONG the Far Away Land fairies, there was one who was known as the Fairy Grumps. That was not his real name, but merely a nickname, which had been given to him because of his ways. To begin with, he was very unlike other fairies, for he was lazy, and neglected his work to watch how his mates were doing theirs. He was always sure to say they were not doing it as it should be done, but he never tried to help them, nor to do anything to help any one; so from thinking all the while of himself only, he grew selfish, and soon began to feel that he was ill-treated. He grumbled and complained of this thing and of that, until he had succeeded in making all the fairies unhappy.

At last, one day, the Queen of the Fairies sent for him, and said she had something to say to him.

“Grumps,” she said, for though she knew his real name, she thought the name “Grumps” suited him much better, “I cannot let you live with my fairies any longer. You are always complaining and finding fault, and you make every one about you unhappy. Yesterday I heard you say that the frost fairies were not half doing their work of loosening the nut stems, so the nuts can fall, but I did not see you go to help them. You made the young fairies who were painting the maple leaves quite unhappy by telling them they were not using the right shade of red. You know it was the first time they had tried to paint maple leaves, but you did not try to help them. I saw you, too, frighten a little squirrel away from a nut he was picking up to store away for

the winter. I cannot have any fairy in my fairy-band who behaves as you do, so I am going to send you away. You must go out into the world and live there until you have learned better ways. I love all my fairies, and I hope you will soon learn to mend your manners, so that we may welcome you back to your home."



Grumps was so angry at this, that without stopping to answer, he ran away, his mind made up to do all the mischief he could in the world.

And great, indeed, was the trouble he made in Far Away Land. When Lucy Locket's mother was combing Lucy's hair, he whispered in the little girl's ear, till she twisted her head this way and that, making it hard work for the comb to straighten out the tangles, so that Lucy's hair was pulled and she cried. When Tommy Tucker tuned his

guitar, Grumps whispered his unlovely thoughts in the boy's ear, and Tommy, in a pet, twisted the key so impatiently that the guitar string broke with a snap. Grumps stood at King Cole's elbow, and made the good king drop great blots of ink on the letter he was writing, and speak almost harshly to Queen Anne. He puckered Bessy Bell's forehead into unhappy frowns, and made her throw down her lesson-books and pout ill-naturedly. He went here and there all over the land, leaving unhappy faces wherever he went, making people impatient over little things, till everybody said that everybody else was cross, and a word never before heard in Far Away Land began to be spoken. It was the word "grumpy," and you could not have met five persons in a day's walk, who were



not as grumpy as grumpy could be. People stopped singing songs, and if you had been in Far Away Land just then, you would have wondered why the country had ever been called happy.

Of course, after making every one else unhappy, Grumps was unhappy, too. He knew he was doing wrong, and nobody who knows that of himself is ever happy. Besides, he had a really kind heart, in spite of his naughty ways, and although he was not brave enough to go home to the Fairy Queen and tell her he was sorry for what he had done—indeed, it takes courage, and is a fine and brave thing to say that one is sorry, and wants to do better—he began to feel very much ashamed of himself.

He could no longer bear to see ill-natured faces on every side, so he flew away to let the people of Far Away Land have back their songs and their merry ways again. He flew to the mountains, which rise high to the eastward of the country, where he could look upon no face to which he had brought frowns, and there he sat on a rock beside a spring, and began to wish he had never left home.

Even in the mountains, however, he had not flown clear away from the people of Far Away Land, for in a cabin, not far down the mountain from the spring, lived a brother and sister, named Jack and Jill, with their mother. The cabin was small, but the home was a very happy one till the fairy Grumps came too near, and whistled his unlovely thoughts toward it.

The first ear the grumpy whistling reached was Jack's. He was working happily with Jill in the little garden beside the cabin, when his mother came to the door, and called to him.

"Jack," said she, "please take this pail and fill it with fresh water from the spring."

"It is too heavy for me to carry," grumbled Jack, for Grumps's whistling had made him cross already.

"Oh, I'll help you, Jack," cried little Jill. "I am very strong and I can carry half, and we may find some pretty stones along the path as we go."

So, still grumbling, Jack took the pail, and up the hill they went. When they reached the spring, they sat down beside it to rest, and Jill began to talk of the fairies.

"O Jack," she said, "wouldn't we be happy if a dear little fairy should pop out from behind that rock, and go home to stay with us, so that we should have some one to play with us? A real, live fairy, Jack, think of it!"



"I don't believe there are any fairies," said Jack crossly. "I've never seen one, and I don't believe anybody else ever has, for all they say. Father used to say there was gold in the mountain, but for all his digging he never found any. There are no fairies, and there is no gold. Don't be silly, Jill, or I shall practise running and jumping all the rest of the day, and not play with you any more."

Jill was silent at this, for she could not guess what made Jack speak so rudely, and the Fairy Grumps, who was almost ready to stop being grumpy, felt all his naughty ways come back again. So when Jack and Jill had filled their pail, and were walking carefully down the steep path with it, he ran out and gave Jack such an angry push that the boy went tumbling down the hill, spilling the water, and dragging poor little Jill after him. Jack picked himself up and ran off home, never stopping to see what had happened to Jill, and the very instant the Fairy Grumps saw her lying half-way down the hill, bravely trying not to cry, he felt so ashamed and sorry that he became at once the kind fairy he had been before he gained his ugly nickname. He picked up a stone from a crevice beside the rock, and rolled it down to the little girl. It was a hard white stone, with yellow, gleaming bits of something bright in it, and as soon as Jill saw it, she sprang up and took it in her hand.

"Why," said she, "it looks as if it had bits of gold in it, and it is prettier than any of the other stones Jack has."

And she ran home to show the pretty thing to him. Jack was so pleased with it, for the Fairy Grumps had left off whispering ill-natured things to him, that he kissed Jill and said he was sorry he had spoken so rudely to her. Then he took the bucket and fetched a pail of water from the spring, all by himself.

He came back with the Fairy Grumps on his shoulder, though nobody could see him there, and Grumps was whispering to him things quite unlike anything else he had whispered to any one else in Far Away Land.

Now Jack was a big, strong boy, who liked to run and jump and play all kinds of out-door games, which require quickness and strength, and all the way home the fairy kept whispering to him how he might learn to run faster and to jump higher.

"Mother!" Jack cried, as he set the pail of water down, "I have heard the men who live in the valley say that the King is very soon to call together all the boys and young men who can run and jump well, and something tells me that if I practise jumping faithfully, I may win the prize King Cole has

offered for the highest jump. It would be a fine thing to play in the King's games, and perhaps I might be able to show him that the boys from the mountains know how to use their strength as well as do the boys who live in the valley."

Jack's mother agreed that it would be a fine thing to be the best jumper in the land, and as she expected to go to the city to buy her winter stores at about the time set for the King's games, she promised that Jack and Jill should go with her, and that Jack might try for the King's prize.

Every day Jack jumped and jumped over a broom-stick which Jill held in the air, and all the while the fairy at his ear kept whispering to him how to breathe deeply, and how to jump lightly and easily, so that long before it was time to go to the city, he could leap over the broom-stick even when Jill stood on a chair to hold it above his head.

At last the day came, and off they set for the city, which was crowded with people from far and near, all come to see who should prove himself the best jumper in Far Away Land. A great grand stand had been built, in which everybody sat to watch the contest, and when Jack had found seats for his mother and Jill there, he went to give his name to the man who kept the list of those who were to try for the prize. It was a long list, and Jack was almost afraid to add his name to it, but the fairy whispered to him to be brave, and he plucked up courage.

After that, he walked across the smooth field in front of the seats for the people, in front of the smaller stand where the King and Queen with all their lords and ladies sat, and made his way to the house where the other boys were dressing. Most of them wore their school or college colors, and they gazed curiously at Jack, the stranger. Some of them laughed a little when he told them who he was, and that he had come from the mountains to jump before the King, for he seemed so young and slender; but when he dressed himself in the suit his mother had made for him, they saw that he was not to be laughed at. His skin was tanned by the sun and wind of the mountain country, but the muscles under it were like steel bands, and he walked as lightly as a cat, or a young panther. Over his suit he drew on his coat, and when he thrust his hands into the pockets of it, he laughed to find the hard, yellow-flecked stone Jill had found, lying in one of them.

"Dear little Jill," he said to himself, "how cross I was the day she found this! I shall never speak so to her again, for surely some good fairy must

have given her this pretty stone. And I shall try to-day to do my very best to win the prize just to please Mother and Jill."

Just then a herald on a fine charger rode along the front of all the people, and cried out :

"Hear ye ! Hear ye ! Hear ye ! The King has offered a prize to-day, to be won by the youth who shall prove himself able to leap higher than any other. Ever since the days of our good King's great-grandfather the lads have gathered here on one day in each year, and higher and higher have they jumped, but never has one of them leaped as high as the King's hat. So come all you young men and boys, and let us see who among you shall win the prize."

Then the boys all came trooping out of the house in which they had been making ready, and took their stand at a white mark drawn on the grass. A few yards in front of them stood two tall poles, with a light pole, or bar, over which they were to leap, laid across them.

One by one the herald called out their names, and one after another they ran forward and sprang over the bar, to a large, soft mattress which lay beyond it. At first the bar was placed so near the ground that all of them jumped over it easily ; but after each time they had all gone over it, it was raised a little higher. When it was placed as high as Jack's shoulder, only a few of the boys were able to leap over it. When it was placed as high as Jack's head, only he and one other youth, Johnny Long, who had won the prize at the jumping contest for two years, were left to try.

Higher the bar was raised, and higher, till the herald cried that it had been placed where it was the year before, when Johnny Long had cleared it, with the highest jump the people of Far Away Land had ever seen. The people set up a cheer at that, and Johnny Long, drawing a deep breath, ran forward, and with a mighty effort leaped over the bar as he had done the year before.

"Unless I can do as well as that," thought Jack, "I shall lose the prize."

He looked at the great crowd of people standing up in their seats to see better, and saw his mother and Jill waving their hands at him. He took the white stone from the pocket of his coat, lying on the grass, and held it up for Jill to see. Then he laid it down, sprang forward, and leaped over the bar as Johnny Long had done.

Great cheers went up at that, for Johnny Long, as you know, was the



best jumper the people had ever seen, and this was the highest jump he had ever made.

The herald rode out again.

“Hear ye!” he cried. “Two lads have leaped high enough to deserve the King’s prize. Two of them have jumped as high as any who came to try in other games in other years. So His Majesty has decreed that they shall try a higher jump to see which is the better. They shall try to leap over the hat which the King’s great-grand father, who was the tallest

man in all Far Away Land, wore.”

So the red hat of King Cole’s great-grandfather was tied at one side of the bar, and all the crowd sat as still as mice, to see Johnny Long try a higher jump than he had ever tried before. Jack watched the bar as it was raised two inches higher, and it was so far above his head, that but for the fairy, he would quite have lost heart.

Johnny Long’s face was pale, but he ran forward again and sprang into the air. A moment later the bar fell to the ground. Johnny Long had failed. He could not jump over the old King’s hat.

“Keep a brave heart, and remember what I have told you,” whispered the fairy in Jack’s ear. “Jill and your mother are watching. Jump your very best for them and the King.”

The men replaced the pole, and for a moment Jack’s courage almost failed him. How could he do what Johnny Long, who was so much taller than he, had been unable to do?

He looked over at his mother and Jill. Jill was waving her hand at him, and he heard her singing the little song she had always sung when she held the broom-stick for him at home.

“Jack, be nimble, Jack, be quick,  
Jack, jump over the candle-stick.”



All his courage came back and he laughed. Then, bounding along as if his feet were rubber balls, he ran forward, gathered himself together as the panthers in the forest do before they leap, and sprang up, up, up, till, with his legs bent to one side under him, he cleared the King's hat, and shot down like an arrow to the mattress.

Wild and long were the cheers of the people, and King Cole, in his delight, forgot that he was a king, and ran down like a boy to clap Jack on the back.

"A brave heart!" cried he. "A brave heart made that mighty jump, my lad. That was worth a better prize than I can give, my fine fellow. I am proud of you—proud of a boy who knows so well how to use his strength!"

This embarrassed Jack very much indeed, and he looked about for his coat and Jill's white stone. One of the King's lords had picked up the stone, and he whispered in the King's ear. The King looked at the piece of rock in amazement.

"Where did you get this?" he asked.

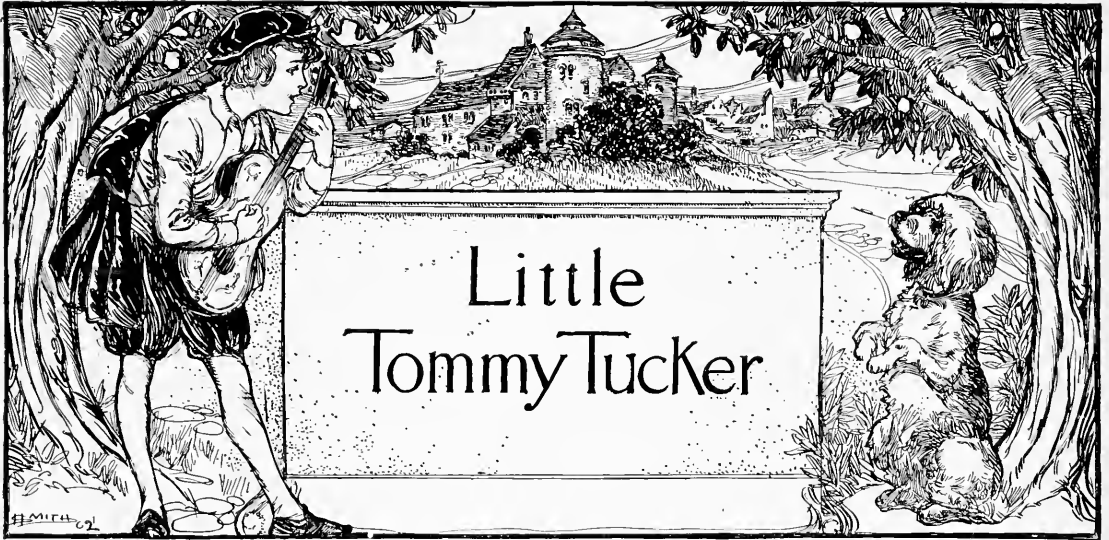
"My sister found it, sir," said Jack, "on the hill on my mother's farm in the mountains."

"Why," said King Cole, "it is the kind of stone from which we get gold, and there must be plenty more of it in the hill. You will have only to set men to digging a mine there to find gold enough to make you the richest man in my kingdom; but in your brave heart, and a merry heart it is, I know, you have a greater and a rarer treasure than all the gold in the world. Never forget that, my lad, and here"—taking a bright star from his breast and pinning it on Jack's—"here is the King's prize you have so bravely won."

So Jack and his mother and Jill, you may know, were that day the happiest people in the land where every one is happy. The Fairy Grumps was happy, too, for when nobody chanced to be looking, the Fairy Queen flew to him and whispered:

"Come home with me, Grumps, and you shall no longer be called Grumps, but be always hereafter known by your real name, my dear Fairy Smiles."

And always after that, wherever Jack went, the Fairy Smiles was at his ear, making him merry and gentle and kind; and with the gold digged from the mountain, and his brave heart, Jack made Far Away Land even happier than it had ever been before.



**L**ITTLE Tommy Tucker had just three precious things in the world. The first and greatest of these was a light and merry heart. The second was a guitar, and the third was a dog named Tray.

The guitar was a very fine one which had belonged to Tommy's mother long before he was born. It was ornamented with silver and mother-of-pearl, and no matter how few pennies were in Tommy's pocket, he always managed to have a fresh red ribbon with which to sling it about his shoulder.

Tray had been only a stray puppy when Tommy found him, but the boy had cared for him so well that the two were soon fast friends, and Tray quickly learned so many funny tricks and wise ways, that he seemed almost human. His eyes danced as merrily as Tommy's own, and together the two roamed from town to town in Far Away Land, Tray doing all his tricks to amuse the people, and Tommy singing and playing the guitar, for it was in this way that Tommy, who had no home, earned his living.

Tommy could sing many songs in a clear, sweet voice, and Tray could do almost everything but talk, and, indeed, to Tommy he really did speak, for he had a great many ways of barking, and the boy understood just what the dog meant by each of them.

Whenever they went into a shop to buy bread, Tommy would give Tray the parcel to carry, and the little dog would trot along as happy as could be,

till they came to a pleasant place where they might sit down and eat their lunch. Tray was very careful never to drop anything he carried, and even if the parcel contained meat Tommy had bought for him, he never tried to open it till his master gave the word of command.

Tray's greatest task, however, was to care for Tommy's music roll. Tommy wanted above all things to be a great singer, as his father had been before him, and what money he could spare from his earnings he spent in buying music, so that he might always have new songs to sing, and new exercises for his voice. He knew that nobody can be a great artist without years of hard work and study, and he knew, too, that in the town where King Cole's palace stood, there were fine teachers who could teach him to use his sweet voice so that it would be sweeter, and stronger, and clearer still.

So, one fine day, he and Tray came into the great town, and began at once to entertain the people in the street, as they had done in each village they had passed through, Tommy with his music, and Tray with his tricks. Tommy played merry dance music while Tray went through his part of the entertainment, and while Tommy sang Tray sat close beside him, holding tight in his mouth Tommy's precious music roll. It was tied with a red ribbon, and Tray would growl as fiercely as a dog four times his size, if any one offered to touch it.

Tommy had been in the town nearly a week, and had earned almost enough to pay for some lessons from the greatest teacher, when one day Queen Anne, driving in her beautiful carriage, drawn by four snow-white horses, happened to pass that way. The Princess Bo-Peep was with her, and begged her mother to stop the carriage for a little while, to let her hear the music and see the funny little dog. The Queen consented, and was almost as delighted as her little daughter with what she saw and heard.

Bo-Peep wanted to stay and hear all the songs Tommy had to sing, but as the Queen could not keep her carriage standing in the street, and blocking the way, the order was given to drive on.

"Oh," said the little Princess, "what a sweet voice that little street singer has! I know my father would like to hear him. Could we not have him come after tea time to sing for us all?"

"By all means," answered the Queen, and so saying she sent a servant to invite Tommy to come and sing before the King that very day, for she knew

that the King was very weary with matters of state and other things that kings have to do, and that the music would be a great pleasure to him.

Of course Tommy was delighted at being asked to sing to the King, and could hardly wait for the time to come to go to the palace, and you may be sure he was at the gates at precisely the minute that the Queen had set for his arrival. As he went along the wide marble walk to the palace door, two of the King's hounds, lying in the sun, jumped up and barked at Tray, as if to ask how so plain a little dog as he dared to come to the King's house. They barked at him, but Tray barked back, as if to say that to be Tommy Tucker's dog was just as fine a thing as to be the King's dog; and when the palace doors opened to let Tommy in, Tray kept close at his heels and trotted along to the great room where the King and Queen and the little Princess were, as proudly as if he had been used to palaces all his life.

A gorgeous footman, all in a livery of blue and gold, opened the door of the great room, and called out :

"Mr. Thomas Tucker," and then Tommy found himself where he had scarcely dared hope ever to be—before the King.

The King was sitting at a table, on which lay many letters and papers, some folded in large envelopes, and some rolled and tied with tapes and ribbons. He turned from the table as Tommy bowed low to him and to the Queen and the Princess, who sat on a divan at one side of the room, and then Tommy stood up straight, his head high, not at all abashed, for he had a stout and merry heart, and, with Tray and his guitar, felt as rich as King Cole himself.

"Well, my little singer," said the King, seating himself in an easy chair, "let us hear what you can do."

Tommy bowed again and, thrumming his guitar, began to sing, and the songs he sang were none that the King's singers ever sang to him, but merry tunes and simple melodies the King himself had sung when a boy. And when he finished with a song King Cole had heard his mother sing, when he was only a little prince, His Majesty sprang up and cried with delight :

"Why, I have not heard such music in many a day! Where did you learn to sing so beautifully with that sweet voice of yours?"

"I learned from the birds, Your Majesty," answered Tommy, "and from the wind in the trees, and from the ripple of the brooks. My father was a





TOMMY BEGAN TO SING

great singer, and I have come to the great city to find teachers to teach me to sing as he did."

"And how will you pay for all this?" asked King Cole.

"I shall sing and play in the streets with my friend Tray," answered Tommy, "until I have earned all I need. It will be hard work, but anything that is worth having is worth working for, and one cannot be a great singer without years of study."

"I wish you success, my boy," said the King. "And now tell me how I shall pay you for the pleasant hour you have given me?"

"If you will but give me supper for myself and Tray, Your Majesty," Tommy answered, "I shall be well repaid, for I am already paid in the coin of happiness at the thought of having pleased the King."

King Cole smiled at Tommy's way of speaking, for the boy had as proud an air as any lord in the land.

"You shall sup with me!" he cried, and as at that moment another gorgeous footman announced that His Majesty was served, Tommy, in wonder and amazement, followed King Cole and Queen Anne into the supper-room. He was too much bewildered to notice how many dainties were spread on the table, and so when the Queen asked him what he would like to eat, he could think of nothing but white bread and butter.

Now, when the King and Queen and Tommy Tucker went in to supper, Tray was left all alone in the great room, which was called the audience-chamber. The little dog sat down patiently to wait for his master, his bright eyes roving all about the room. Suddenly he saw beside the King's table a roll. It was tied with a red ribbon, from which a red seal dangled. Tray looked at it anxiously; it was so exactly like Tommy's precious music roll, which it was the little dog's duty to care for. Tray was perplexed, for he had not seen Tommy take his music and slip it under his coat, and he did not know how the roll came to be lying on the floor; but that it really was the music roll he felt quite sure. Just then he heard some one coming, and, catching up the roll, he ran and hid it behind the Queen's divan, as he often hid Tommy's music when it was left to him.

Next morning the King's councillors came to the audience-chamber to read and discuss an important letter which had come from the King of Hearts the day before. You would not understand what business was in it if you were to be told, for, of course, you do not know what kings write to each

other ; but it was, indeed, so important that when it could not be found, the audience-chamber, and finally the whole palace, was in an uproar. They searched high and low, but the paper could not be found.

“It was on the table just yesterday,” said the King. “And surely nobody could have carried it off.”

The gorgeous footman who had led Tommy into the audience-chamber heard what the King said, and thinking to win honor and praise for himself,

immediately determined to find Tommy, for in his unkind heart he felt sure that the boy must have stolen the precious paper.

You may imagine how surprised Tommy was when the footman, finding him singing again in the street, tapped him on the shoulder and bade him follow to the palace at once, and you can imagine, too, with what indignation Tommy heard the footman say, when he had brought the little musician into the audience-chamber again :

“Your Majesty, this is the boy who was here yesterday. I am sure he has

taken the paper, for I saw that he had something under his coat as he went away.”

“Nonsense,” said King Cole. “That boy is as honest as the day is long. I’ll wager my crown he did not touch the paper.”

But most of the councillors believed what the footman said, and insisted that Tommy must be made to tell what he had done with the paper, and that he must be soundly punished for laying hands on what was not his to take.

“I have seen no state papers, Your Majesty,” said Tommy stoutly, “and as for what I had under my coat, it was merely my music roll, and here it is.”



As Tommy drew forth the roll, Tray jumped up and began to bark, for he could not guess how the roll he had taken such good care of came to be there in Tommy's hands. Tommy stood still for a moment, and then as he looked at the rolls of state papers lying on the council table, and saw how distressed Tray was, a sudden idea flashed into his mind.

"Tray! Tray!" he said, shaking the music roll in the dog's face, "Fetch it. Fetch the other roll."

Tray hesitated. His ears dropped, and then, the most sheepish and ashamed dog in all Far Away Land, he walked slowly to the Queen's divan and brought forth the missing roll.

A shout of laughter went up from all the anxious councillors, but Tommy would have none of them laugh at poor Tray, and, swinging his guitar before him, began to play a merry tune, at which Tray danced so gaily that he soon forgot his chagrin.

And when Tommy left the palace his pockets were heavy with silver and gold. With this he began his lessons with the greatest singing-teacher in all the country, but first he bought for Tray a silver collar, on which he had engraved:

"Bow! Wow! Wow! Whose dog art thou?  
I'm Tommy Tucker's dog. Bow! Wow! Wow!"

That was the collar Tray always wore when he and Tommy went to the palace after that; but nothing could persuade Tray to carry Tommy's music roll again. He remembered what a mistake he had made, and he did not want to bring trouble to Tommy.

And to this day, in Far Away Land, when the people crowd the royal opera house to hear the great singer, Thomas Tucker, they remember Tray. And when the children play, they sing a verse, for they are always singing in Far Away Land, which runs:

"Little Tommy Tucker,  
Sings for his supper.  
What shall we give him  
But white bread and butter?  
How shall he cut it  
Without any knife?  
How shall he marry  
Without any wife?"



## The Machine-Maker's Man

**I**N a narrow street in King Cole's town, stood a tall old house in which Peter White lived. Peter White was a man who made machines, and as many of his machines were quite unlike anything that any one had ever made before, he was called an inventor.

On the ground floor of his house was a shop, where he sold wonderful things, such as were not to be found anywhere else in all Far Away Land. There were sewing-machines which ran by clockwork, washing-machines which whirled and soused and pounded the clothes when Peter White set them going, machines for cutting up meat, machines for making buttons and tacks and door-knobs, and so many other things that one could not name them all in a day.

Best of all, so the children thought, there were shelves in the shop filled with the most wonderful toys. There were dolls that walked and talked and sang. There were fire-engines that pumped real water, horses that galloped and trotted, clowns that tumbled, soldiers that marched and presented arms, doll-houses with elevators and moving staircases, locomotives with bells and whistles, and so many other things that children in that town liked nothing so well as a visit to the shop.

Much as they enjoyed seeing the wonders of his shop, however, none of the children cared for Peter White himself. He was a tall old fellow, who had few words to say, and those few words were not all kind ones. He was always thinking of some new machine he meant to make, more wonderful than

any he had yet made, and he did not care to make friends with his neighbors. He was much stooped from bending over his workbench, and his long thin nose was not quite straight. His mind was filled with strange fancies, and the world did not seem to him at all as it seems to other people. The children who lived in the narrow street had made a song about him, for, as you know, in Far Away Land they make songs about everybody and everything, but they never sang it in his hearing. This is the song :

Peter White can never go right.  
Shall I tell you the reason why?  
He follows his nose wherever he goes,  
And that stands all awry.

In the upper stories of the tall old house, was Peter White's home, where he lived with his only son, Robert. It was not a merry home, for the old man thought so much of his machines that he had little time to make life happy for the boy. He loved his son dearly, but it was not his way to show his love, and Robert was very dull, among the dusty wheels and belts and pulleys and lathes. He grew up to dislike machines as much as his father loved them, and this was a great grief to the old man. He wanted his son to be a machine-maker as he was, and sent him to a school where boys are taught such things, but Robert's heart was set on being a builder of houses, for he loved the sound of hammers, and the smell of the clean wood, and the fresh plaster.

When he had finished his school course, and was almost a man, his father told him that it was now time to set to work in the machine shop, but Robert knew that he could never succeed unless his heart was in his work. Very sorrowfully he told his father that he could never be a machine-maker. He promised to be a dutiful son, and to work faithfully, but Peter White was very angry, and said that if Robert would not be a machine-maker he must go out into the world to seek his fortune, for he would have him for a son no longer.

So, sad at heart, Robert went away and found work in a carpenter's shop in a village near by.

When his son had gone, Peter White shut himself up in his house, closed his shop, and made toys no more. He had lost his son, he said, but he would make a machine-man to take Robert's place. It should walk and talk like a living man, and work far better. It should do everything he wanted it to do.

Day after day, and year after year, he worked in his dingy shop, thinking more and more of his wonderful machine, till his mind was filled with all manner of strange and unlovely fancies.

At last his machine-man was finished, and stood beside his bench. It was as tall as a man, but it did not look like a man, for it was made of queer wheels and wires and tubes and boxes and screws. Peter White talked to it as he worked, and called it by his son's name.

When the last screw had been put in place, he carried the machine man to a man who made wax images, such as you see in the shop windows, and ordered him to cover it with wax, so that it might look like a living man. He took with him a picture of his son, for as the machine was to take Robert's place, he wanted it to look like Robert. It must have blue eyes like Robert's and wavy brown hair. When the image-maker had finished his work, the machine-man did indeed look wonderfully like the old man's son. Peter White was greatly pleased. He carried it home with him and dressed it in fine clothes. Then he made a great feast, and invited everybody in town to come to see the wonderful machine-man he had made.

Everybody had heard of the old man's strange work, and great crowds came to the tall old house. King Cole came, and Queen Anne, and the Fisher family from their farm, and Tommy Tucker and Jack Spratt and ever so many others. Peter White received them in the large room which had once been his shop, and as he stood bowing and smiling, he touched a button in the arm of the wonderful machine-man, so that it bowed too. It





looked so much like Robert White that it was hard to believe it was only a machine.

When the King and his friends had seated themselves, Peter White told them that he would show them what his man could do. He made it walk, and sit down, and dance and sing, and then he put tools in its hands, and said it should work at machine-making for them. He touched a button in its shoulder, but the machine-man merely took a few steps, and then stood still. Again and again the old man pressed first this button and then that, but the machine-man did not move. Once the people heard a little, whirring noise, and then all was still. Peter White's wonderful man was only a broken, useless machine.

The old man was broken-hearted, and after the people had gone away he talked to the machine as if it had been alive :

"O Robert!" he said. "How ungrateful you are! I have worked for you so long. I have hoped you would do so many things, and now you will not obey me. You must be punished."

So he took off the fine clothes, and dressed the figure in patched and tattered garments. Then he carried it into the street, and rented it to a merchant to stand just inside the shop door and display goods in its hands, for all people to see.

"You would not be a man," he said to it. "You would not do a man's honest work, so you shall stand there, a useless lay figure, till you learn to be ashamed of yourself."

For in Far Away Land not doing one's part in the world, is the one thing of which the people are most ashamed.

When the people heard that Peter White's machine-man was standing in the merchant's shop,



they came in crowds to see it. Christmas was near, and the merchant was kept so busy that he had to hire many salesmen to help him. Everybody stopped to look at the machine-man, and whatever the merchant laid in its stiff, outstretched hands was sold at once, so that the merchant was very glad to have it there.

Peter White came every day to see it standing inside the door, smiling and doing nothing, and he began to feel sorry for it, for it seemed to him like a real man.

"You lazy thing!" he said. "You do not move. You do not cut off goods, nor tie up bundles. You are of no use. Surely you must be ashamed of yourself."

At last he could no longer bear to have his dear machine man standing where it seemed to him that all the people shamed it, and on Christmas Eve he went to the merchant and said he had come to take it away. The merchant was sorry to lose the figure, for it had brought him many customers, but Peter White would not let it stay any longer, and carried it home with him.

The streets were full of happy people, bells were jingling, and in all the houses children were as merry as merry could be, thinking of the Christmas time and of the visit of Santa Claus. Peter White could see in through many windows as he passed, and his heart was heavy. He longed for his son, and thought what a different Christmas he might have if only he had Robert back again. He wondered where the young man was, and the tall old house seemed drearier than ever. The machine-man looked so much like his son that he could not bear to look at it.

"I shall put you away," he said to it, "where nobody can see you, and you shall not be shamed. Perhaps when you have thought things over a while, you will be ready to go to work."

So he lifted the figure on his back, and carried it far out of the town, to a field where there was a dry well, narrow, but deep. There he laid the machine-man in the snow on the ground, and tied a rope about its body. Then he lowered it into the well, fastened the rope to the stone curbing, and went back to his house alone with a heavy heart.

Now, Robert White had prospered in the village not far away. He had worked hard and faithfully. He was honest and kind, and so good to every living thing, that his neighbors used to laugh and say that even the wild birds

in the fields knew him and called his name: "Bob White! Bob White!" over and over. He grew to be a man, and he married Bessie Bell, and they had a son whom they called Peter White, and a daughter named Mary. Robert often wrote to his old friends to ask how his father was, and when he heard how unhappy the old man was because his machine-man would not work, he knew that it was time for him to go home. So on Christmas Eve he and his wife and their children tucked themselves into a big sleigh with two prancing horses and set off for King Cole's Town. They carried with them gifts for the old man and many things to make Christmas merry.

Just beyond a field where the well was, ran a river, crossed by a covered bridge. As the sleigh jingled through this, little Peter cried out:

"O, Father! There's Santa Claus over there in the field, walking along with his pack on his back."

Robert stopped the sleigh, and springing out, crept near enough the well to hear all his father said. Then he ran back and told his wife to drive on into the town, and just where and how she was to meet him again. He drew up the machine-man, and when he had dressed himself in its clothes, he threw the useless thing into the river and took its place in the well.

Old Peter could not sleep. All night he lay thinking of his dear man in the lonely well, and he was sorry he had put it there. As soon as the first light of day came he hurried to the field.

"Robert!" he called, peering into the well; "I shall take you home with me again. You are all I have to love, and Christmas is too lonely without you."

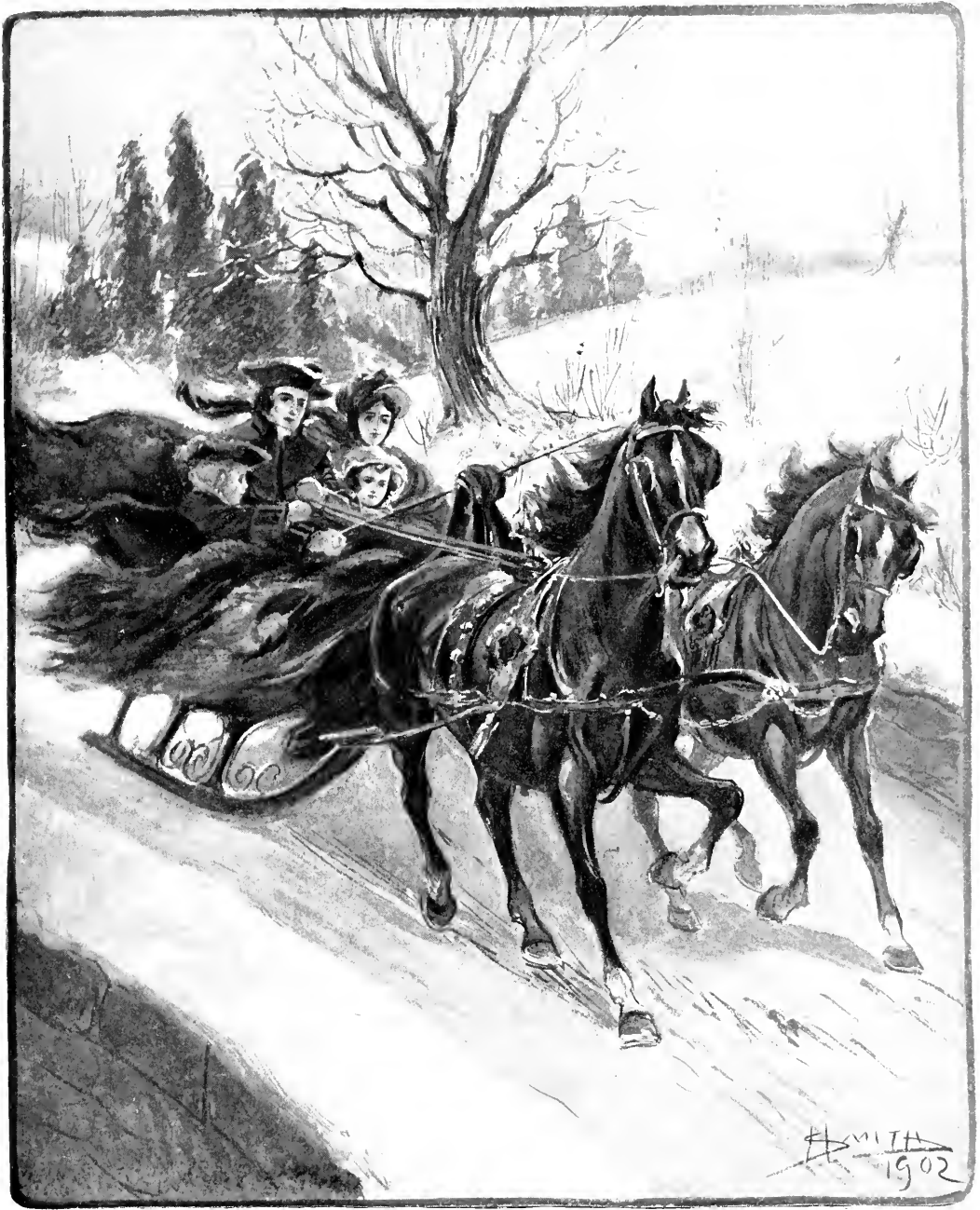
Then he pulled the rope, and Robert climbed out of the well. The old man's mind was so full of strange fancies that he thought his machine had begun to work again.

"You can move now!" he cried.

"Yes, Father," said Robert, "I can move now, and I will work for you and never leave you again. Let us go home."

He led the old man home, and Peter White's heart grew lighter at every step. They found the old house not at all as the old man had left it. Bright fires were blazing on the hearths, and Christmas greens decked the walls. As he stepped into the old workshop, little Peter and Mary sprang on him and smothered him with kisses.

"Merry Christmas, Grandfather!" they cried.



ON CHRISTMAS EVE THEY SET OFF FOR KING COLE'S TOWN

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ASTOR LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS  
R

It was the happiest day he had ever known. The unlovely fancies faded from his mind, and his heart overflowed with joy as he looked into the eyes of his son and his son's wife and knew that Christmas had brought him love, which is the best gift God has to give.



And they all lived happily ever after. Peter White again made toys more wonderful than any you ever dreamed of, and his grandchildren tended the shop, and little Peter so loved machine-making that when he grew up he became the most famous inventor in all Far Away Land.



## The Fir Tree



IN a mountain in Far Away Land there once grew a little fir tree. All about him were tall pines which swayed in the wind and talked to one another of what they meant to be and to do in the world.

"I have done my best to grow straight and tall," said the tallest pine. "I shall be the mast of a great ship, for I am strong as the trees which grow in Norway. I shall sail far away across the seas and see strange cities and strange countries. Oho! that will be fine!"

"I am a home-loving tree," said a shorter pine. "By and by men will come and cut me down,

and I shall go to the lumber mills to be made into smooth planks, for I am well grown and free from knots. They will build a house of me, down there in the valley, and I shall see great happiness."

"When I was a very little tree," said a pine who was not straight like the others, "I did not heed when the wind told me to hold my head up and grow straight up toward the sky. I was indolent, and I leaned over till I grew crooked as I am. I cannot hope to do the great work of you fine tall trees, but I shall be firewood, and the sap in me will make a merry blaze in the fireplace. Children will laugh to see the flame fairies dancing about me, so I too shall be happy."

The young fir tree sighed a little, hearing all this, and wondered what he could be. One day he asked a snowbird to tell him.

"You'll be a Christmas tree," said the bird; "and that's the best tree of all."

One day, when the fir tree had put out his bright green new tips on all his branches, Queen Anne and her ladies came up the mountain and snipped them all off to make a balsam pillow for King Cole. The little tree was happy to serve the King, but when autumn came, and men were sent to mark the trees, he heard them say that the ladies had cut off so many of his twigs that he would not do for a Christmas tree at all.

He was very sad to hear this, but just a week after that the King himself rode up the mountain and stopped beside him.

"I want that tree taken up and set in my garden," said he to his men. "It is a fine little fir."

So in the King's garden stood the little fir, and through the palace windows he saw the Princess Bo-Peep and her friends dancing around a Christmas tree, glittering with candles and hung with gifts for everybody. The sight of it made him so sad that he looked away and kept his eyes on the ground for many days, till one morning he saw men carrying out the Christmas tree, no longer gay and sparkling, but withered and fit for nothing but firewood.

Then the Princess Bo-Peep came out to walk in the garden, where the newly-fallen snow covered the branches of the trees lightly.

"See here, my daughter," said King Cole, who was with her. "Here is a tree with more beautiful things on it than any Christmas tree ever held."

And taking a magnifying glass from his pocket, he bade Bo-Peep look

through it at the snow on the fir tree. She saw that each tiny snowflake was a wonderful star, and that no two stars of all she saw were alike.

“Oh!” she cried, “how beautiful! It is covered with jewels the Snow Queen has sent. Dear little tree! It shall be my Christmas tree, not for a few days, but my Christmas tree for all the winter long.”

And the little fir tree, like everybody and everything else in Far Away Land, was happy.









